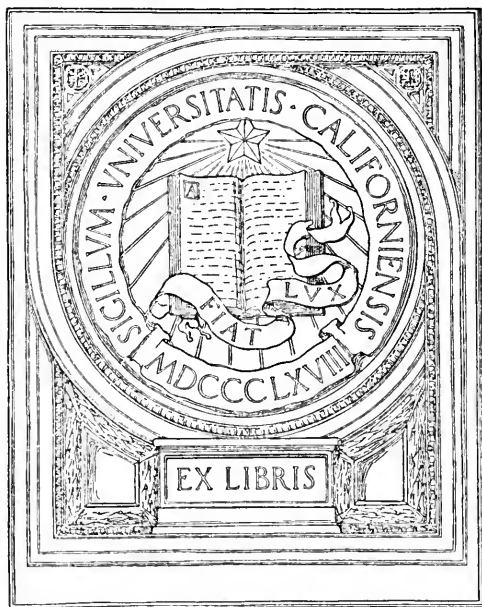


JOURNEYING ROUND THE WORLD

SYDNEY FORD

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
AT LOS ANGELES



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JOURNEYING ROUND THE WORLD



Bon Voyage -
Sydney Ford
— 118 —

Journeying Round the World

A Narrative of Personal experience



by
SYDNEY FORD

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by
HENRIETTA B. FREEMAN
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FOREWORD

I have made no attempt in these pages to give an exhaustive account of a tour around the world, but merely to present some features of the trip, and to offer some suggestions that may be of value to others who are about to embark on a similar "swing around the circle."

THE AUTHOR

Travelers and Traveling Togs.

"Come, go 'round the world with us," urged a voice over the telephone one rainy evening in February.

"Certainly," I called back without hesitation. "When do we sail—tomorrow morning?"

I had about as much notion of going as you have of crossing the Pacific in an aeroplane this minute, but such is the versatility of human affairs and the variableness of the average woman's mind that, four weeks from that very night I found myself on board ship, bound on a tour the big world around.

Of course the intervening weeks had been full of the excitement of preparation.

"You're entitled to three hundred pounds of baggage apiece," observed the steamship agent encouragingly. "Take along all the trunks you want."

"Oh, happy day!" exclaimed Peggy; "no excess baggage—how perfectly glorious."

Sounds well, doesn't it? But oh, my friends, beware the voice of the tempter, for

once you get in foreign lands, believe me, there's trouble ahead, and plenty of it, for the unwary traveler who indulges in wardrobe trunks, hat boxes, five-pound illustrated guide-books, cut-glass-silver-topped out-fitted suit cases, and all the luggage luxuries that may be safely included in a 300-pound limit.

Over there baggage has a way of making itself a perfect nuisance. They don't have our American checking system whereby you simply produce a pasteboard slip and claim your baggage, or make it hot for the railroad officials. On the contrary, you cannot check your trunks at all, but have to pay their fares instead, and watch over them as carefully and tenderly as if they were your precious, helpless children. Indeed, I never in my life beheld such utterly helpless trunks as those I encountered in Europe. You have to see that they are properly weighed and then pay their fares at so much per pound; then you have to see that they are loaded on a truck, and tip the man who does it, and watch that they are put on the same train as yourself, and you have to crane your neck out the car window at intervening stations, to see that your trunk does not

get off, and when you reach your destination, you must see that your trunk disembarks too. And the more trunks you have, the more you have to watch—and pay fares for. So be a bit chary about baggage.

I remember that Peggy insisted on taking her trunk up to Cairo from Port Said instead of storing it there with the rest of our big baggage while we ran up to look at the Pyramids, the mosques and the minarets for a few days before embarking for Palestine. The railroad fare for that trunk was exactly one-half of Peggy's personal fare.

Fancy an inanimate trunk costing as much as a human child to transport! But such was the mournful fact, and Peggy disputed with the Arab official in vain. Not a single piastre less! In Germany, Italy and Switzerland you must pay for every pound of baggage you check; in England you are allowed one hundred and fifty pounds, on first class ticket; in France and Spain sixty-six pounds; in Russia thirty-six pounds, and in other European countries fifty-five pounds on through routes. If you wish to stop off, as most tourists do in passing through these countries, then you are allowed no extra baggage.

On the contrary you may carry all the hand baggage you like as the allowance in this particular is practically limitless, each railway train being amply provided with huge racks for holding it, and porters can be obtained anywhere and everywhere who will tote bags, suit cases, and sachels for a fee of three cents in U. S. money for each piece of baggage.

Therefore, do not wax too enthusiastic over the gay and glimmering prospect held out so alluringly by the steamship agent. Rather calculate carefully the garments you must have in order to be comfortable, and then pack compactly in as small a space as possible. The 36-inch steamer trunk is by all means most desirable. It's surprising how much difference a few inches makes. One of our party came to grief early in our preparations and was compelled to purchase a second trunk because a 30-inch trunk was selected in the first place. You'll be astonished when you come to pack to find how you miss those extra six inches.

The advantage of a yard-long trunk is that your skirts and dresses will lie almost at full length which does away with the extra thickness of doubling over, and makes a lot of dif-

ference in the amount you can stow away in the trunk. Peggy had what she called a "dress rehearsal" a day or two before we left home, and actually accomplished the feat of packing away in her 36-inch trunk, eight gowns, her long pongee coat, sweater, shoes and slippers and six shirt waists—not to mention a lot of little things. Jack asked her why she didn't include an aeroplane, electric car and steamer rug.

Don't commit the error either of getting a trunk too long to fit under the berth in your cabin. I shared a state-room during a part of our journey with such an one and the protruding end of that abominable trunk—it had to be shoved under sideways—was responsible for more bruised shins, lacerated feelings and inarticulate profanity than I would like to record.

For the month before my departure, every mail brought letters containing timely hints for comfort and convenience on the voyage, and three months after my departure, when I was in Rome, a package of twenty-five letters was forwarded to me which had accumulated since I left home. All of these, with the exception of two or three personal letters, were advertisements from hotels all

over the country, recipes for sea-sick specifics, etc.

“Shan’t we send you some face cream and wonder salve, put up in collapsible tubes especially for traveling?” wrote one enterprising firm.

“I am forwarding you some tooth paste in tubes” caroled another.

“You will need a hot water bag,” advised a third, “best preventive for seasickness—can’t get ’em abroad.”

“Be sure and get one of those nail buffers with a removable top—the kind that has all the manicure tools inside” counseled another.

Some one told Peggy to take along a big bottle of Worcestershire sauce to ward off seasickness, and the poor child did. That bottle of perfectly good sauce found a watery grave in the bottom of the ocean when we were two days out of San Francisco. Peggy flung it through the port-hole.

“Be sure and take a stunning evening gown,” advised a friend who had made the round-the-world journey ahead of me. “You’ll regret it if you don’t. Take the one you have on.”

It was at a reception—a fashionable func-

tion—that this conversation took place just previous to my departure, and I had donned my very best for the occasion. Unfortunately, I followed the advice of my well-meaning friend and took along my French crepe gown, with its train, its silver net trimmings and chiffon sleeves.

I wore it three times—once at the captain's dinner the night before we reached Japan; once in Yokohama, the night the Imperial Military Guards band came down from Tokyo and played during dinner at our hotel; and once somewhere down in the Indian Ocean—I forget just where—but it was at a ball on shipboard, and the temperature was like unto that of the equator which we were fast approaching.

That gown? Well, you should see it—I preserve it as a picturesque ruin and an awful warning. The salt, sea air, the equatorial heat and humidity, the Straits Settlement atmosphere and the Ceylon sun didn't do a thing but change its color from a pale, shimmering blue, to a pensive gray. It is beautifully flecked all over with spots in a queer shade of pink—souvenirs of the salt, sea spray. The silver lace has turned to a dull, oxidized tint, and the soft crepe and

chiffon is a hopeless mass of wrinkles. In short, it's—oh well, what's the use?

I want to quote one other awful example, and that is the woman who went to the other extreme and thought her last year's second best tailor gown, a cheap sweater, an old rain-coat, and her year-before-last hat plenty good enough for ship wear. Her tailored gown showed the faded cotton thread it was stitched with, her sweater was of the \$1.98 type—and it looked it—her rain-coat was miles too big for her and had holes in it when she started, her dinner gown was an old summer silk so frayed and worn that she could scarcely be hooked into it—and her hat! It was a sight, with its faded straw, its rusty black velvet and soiled white wing. She took along an old blanket shawl for a steamer rug, and the lining of her lace blouse was in rags. She was wearing out her old clothes—and everybody knew it, for the pitiless white glare on deck called loud attention to each discrepancy.

No, don't be foolish, but pack away your best evening gowns in tissue paper and leave them at home. Get yourself a little silk or voile gown, simply but smartly made, of a material that will not muss, crush or wrinkle

easily—the sort that shakes out and bobs back into slickness and smoothness the minute you take it out of your suit case or steamer trunk. A woman whom I met on the Atlantic liner on which I made my passage from Liverpool to New York, and who had crossed the ocean many times, told me that the most satisfactory material she had found for a dinner or evening gown in traveling was crepe de chine, of a quality of sufficient body to shake itself free of wrinkles.

Then take along one or two pretty silk or net waists, to wear with that black silk skirt that every woman has hanging in her closet. In addition to these, a smart and perfectly fitting tailor-made suit and a trotteur skirt of shantung or brilliantine or some material that sheds the dust. These are all the dresses you need, and with these four and no more, you may journey the world around and arrive in that Paris of the Orient, Shanghai; in Hongkong, in Cairo, in Jerusalem, in Rome, in Paris or in London, feeling that you are well clad and equal to any emergency—except perhaps a presentation at court, in which case you can patronize the Parisian or London shops—you will anyhow.

for you'll want to replenish your wardrobe a bit by the time you get there.

As to shirt waists, follow the advice of Lillian Bell and leave your dainty pink-and-blue, made-to-order linen waists at home and take plain pongee or silk waists that do not have to be laundered. You can cover the holes with medallions as fast as they appear. In this way your plain silk blouses will be elaborate evening bodices by the time you get back and you'll have to be a bit careful not to strain them when you reach up to turn on the electric lights.

Be extravagant in shoes. Take along at least four pairs, for the Oriental, English and French shoes are not made to fit American feet, and you must therefore provide yourself with enough to last the journey through. Then you will need a long, rather loose-fitting motor coat—thick and warm—large enough to wear a sweater underneath. Don't smile! You'll need it, for you've no idea how chilly it gets on deck when the sea breezes blow, and the best possible safeguard against seasickness is to keep warm and comfortable.

Make yourself the prettiest deck bonnet you can conjure up. Use a chiffon motor

veil and shir it softly over a wire frame, hood-fashion—and leave the long scarf ends to float in the breeze. The prettiest deck hood I saw the world around was worn by a San Francisco girl en route to the Philippines. It was a pale blue chiffon veil cunningly shirred into a charming bonnet, and a wreath of tiny pink rosebuds nestled demurely under the shallow poke brim.

Do not burden yourself with stationery or a writing portfolio—all such materials are supplied in abundance by the steamship company in the writing rooms. If possible, pack all the things you will need for the ocean trip in your suit case and traveling bag, and send your steamer trunk down into the hold. It takes up room in your cabin, even if it is shoved under the berth, and besides, you need that space for your hand baggage. Carry your steamer rug, motor coat, sweater and extra wraps in a hand strap or English “hold-all,” and this last is the most practical and accommodating piece of baggage I have ever found. It has ample pockets inside where you can pack shoes and all the bulky things that take up so much room in a trunk. The hold-all is rightly named, for it has the most surprising capacity for

expansion. Into its capacious maw can go all the innumerable things that bear banging and you can bulge it out to the size of an ordinary steamer trunk.

Be sure to put inside your steamer rug a little soft, down pillow. You've no idea what a comfort it is to slip behind your head, or tuck under your neck when you lie in your steamer chair on deck.

Take along some light literature if you like to read, or some fresh and breezy little books of travel. All the steamships have libraries well stocked with standard fiction, biography and travel books, but not of the latest vintage. Usually the passengers are permitted the free use of the library. Sometimes a small fee is required, and you may be asked to put up a deposit as a guaranty of safe return of books.

When you get down in the Indian Ocean and haven't seen an English newspaper for weeks, and are wondering what on earth may have happened at home, you've no idea how you'll grab Reuter's telegrams when brought on board at Penang or Ceylon. They look like galley proofs and contain telegraphic briefs of the latest news. You can buy a bunch for a shilling, covering several

days back, and you'll jump at the chance just to see what's happened since you left land. I distinctly recollect when we reached this point in our journey, and had been sailing for two weeks, that our stock of American news consisted of exactly two items—the death of Mark Twain, which we had read in a Shanghai paper, and the fact that Roosevelt had refused an audience with the Pope, which caught us somewhere in mid-ocean by wireless I believe.

Some Seasonable Specifics.

Of the three trans-Pacific lines, we chose the southernmost for two reasons: First, because we sailed in mid-March, and we wished to court the soft southern breezes rather than the wilder winds and waves of the north, and, second, because we wanted to catch a glimpse of Uncle Sam's string of islands away out two thousand miles in mid-ocean and pay our respects to Honolulu—the Pearl of the Pacific.

After events proved the wisdom of our decision, for a party of thirty Los Angeles people who sailed from Seattle a few days later, skirting the Aleutian Islands, encountered rain, hail, snow, blustering winds and mountain billows nearly all the way across, sailing into Yokohama fifteen days later with every inch of canvas spread, an eighteen-inch hole in the bottom of the ship, and half her rudder gone. Most of the passengers sang one song all the way over, and that was, "When the Breezes Blow I Go Below."

The straight across route from San Francisco to Yokohama is the most direct—also

the most void of sight-seeing, if you except porpoises, and an occasional shark, or whale, or other deep-sea monster—a route absolutely devoid of thrills—an excellent route for freight steamers.

Our way lay over sunny seas and through tropical temperature after we had left behind the “moaning at the bar” of San Francisco, and our stop at Honolulu of twenty-four hours was one of the most delightful experiences of the entire trip. Owing to the fact that we sailed out of San Francisco harbor with practically empty holds, our passage was less steady than it would have been under ordinary conditions. A tremendous storm that interfered with railroad traffic had held back the cargo of freight destined for our ship, hence, instead of acting as ballast for us in the yawning depths below decks, it was marooned somewhere up in the Rocky mountains or out on the Mojave desert.

It therefore happened that, soon after crossing the bar from San Francisco, the decks became suddenly and suspiciously deserted, and that night at dinner, the dining-saloon, which is the pulse of the passenger list, had far more vacant than occupied

seats. Many of the passengers, for reasons best known to themselves, had sought the seclusion of their cabins, there to remain indefinitely, for a longer or shorter period, according to their ability as sailors.

This secluding yourself in your cabin is a mistake, for there is no better antidote for seasickness than a stiff sea breeze. Your best salvation therefore, is to stick to your steamer chair on deck to the last gasp, and avoid the closeness of the cabin as you would a pestilence. However, one appreciates the feeling of delicate reserve that actuates most victims for if, in all your experience, there are moments when you wish to be alone, surely one of them is when you are suffering the pangs of seasickness.

“New things are continually coming up,” as one of our party facetiously observed, and that’s altogether the wisest plan—let ’em come up.

“Just yap it up, sonny,” was the sage advice given by a mother to her offspring as he lay gritting his teeth with a look of grim determination on his yellow cast of countenance.

If there’s any known specific for seasickness, I’ve never found it. A doctor told me

a funny story of a brother physician who wrote him on board an Atlantic liner as she was nearing port on the other side.

"Old fellow," he wrote; "I've discovered the most wonderful remedy for seasickness you ever saw. Perfectly marvelous—settles the stomach in no time—regulates digestion in the most miraculous manner—it's a positive specific. I have a package with me that I got in New York just before sailing, and if my stomach ever gets settled enough so I can take a dose I know I'll feel better. We are due in Liverpool tomorrow morning, thank God."

Perhaps it is not until the stewardess ducks her head inside your cabin door and threatens you with a concoction of raw eggs and Worcestershire sauce that you consent in self defense to leave your state room and go on deck. There you lie, very limp, very miserable, and wholly wretched in your steamer chair, your listless eyes fixed on the distant horizon where the boundless sea meets the sky, and your unhappy mind dwelling on the utter impossibility of ever reaching shore alive.

You wonder, weakly and vaguely, how on earth you were ever persuaded to leave your

happy home and undertake a tour around the world, and when you reflect that nearly all of the journey must be by water, your very soul grows sick and faint with apprehension. You speculate on the bare possibility of reaching Honolulu alive, and shudder at the thought of being buried at sea. It doesn't seem possible that you can survive many days at this rate.

Gradually, you begin to take a little notice of your fellow passengers, and you feel impatient with the thoughtless girl who can laugh. You are sure you will never smile again. In fact, you have lost your sense of humor completely—and is there a sadder spectacle in all the world than the man or woman who has no sense of humor which, the poet says, “rainbows the tears of the world?”

All this is a very solemn experience, but cheer up mate, it's not at all alarming. You are merely getting your sea legs, in the language of the old salt. In three or four days at the outside, you have literally buried your seasickness, and are promenading the deck with the regulation steamer stride. This particular gait by the way, is in a distinct class by itself. As you have lain in your

steamer chair during the days of your convalescence and lazily watched the passing promenaders you have wondered why on earth every one goes galloping along, head pitched well forward, as if breasting a head wind, and walking as though they were racing to make a train. When you try it yourself you understand. It's merely balancing the body against the motion of the steamer—getting your sea legs. You fill your lungs with the good, salt sea air; you take an active interest in the deck games, and join the tournament in the egg or potato race for honors. Your appetite returns ten-fold, and you feel quite equal to the numerous meals served on ship-board, beginning with coffee and fruit in your cabin at 7, breakfast at 8, hot broth and biscuits on deck at 11, lunch at 12:30, tea, sandwiches and cake at 4, dinner at 7:30 and a light lunch for a night-cap at 10:30.

As you sail toward the Hawaiian Islands you will notice how intensely blue the ocean is. You first observe this when you are a day or two out from the islands and, as you sail nearer and nearer, the waters turn bluer and bluer till they are about the same indigo tint as those of the famous Blue Grot-

to on the island of Capri, which you will visit during your stay in Naples later on in your journey.

Honolulu, the Happy Haven.

“Looks just like Catalina,” we Californians chorused as the Hawaiian Heights loomed up out of the sea. It was 10 o’clock in the morning on our seventh day out from San Francisco, and at the first cry of “land,” the big ship became a human bee-hive. Spy glasses were brought into play and, as the rugged heights of Oahu were magnified, and trees and tropical growth assumed shape and form, standing room at the rail of the promenade decks was at a premium.

After the first excitement, passengers began disappearing into their state rooms and, after a brief period, reappeared in so resurrected a form that it required two squints through the spy glasses to recognize some of our fellow passengers with whom we had been hobnobbing for the past week. Like gay birds of Paradise, they fluttered out in raiment so stunning, in hats so large, in gowns so white and ribbons so bright that it was a regular transformation scene. Duck and pongee suits prevailed among the sterner sex, and umbrellas

to shelter flower hats and chiffon shades from the celebrated sun-showers of Honolulu were much in evidence.

The ship plowed through the waters, past Diamond Head, and swept toward the harbor of Honolulu, a mile or so away. We all made ready to disembark with all possible speed for it looked as if we would shortly step foot on shore.

But right here we received our first lesson in patience. A missionary on board, on her return voyage to Japan, had told me that the most vulgar thing one can do in the Orient is to show haste. It was at Honolulu that we had our first check to our perfectly natural, inborn American haste.

Reminds one of the story of a distinguished party of Japanese who were visiting New York and were transferred from one subway train to another, when both were going in the same direction.

"Why did we do that?" one of the guests inquired of an American friend.

"Why," explained the American eagerly, "we gained two minutes by the transfer."

"Yes, yes," replied the Japanese, "we gained two minutes, but what for?"

However, if you think for a minute that

a big ocean liner can run up alongside the wharf at any port she happens to come to and discharge her passengers and freight with as little ceremony as any lake or river steamer, there's where you are woefully mistaken. There's a deal of form about it, I assure you, and yards and yards of red tape to unwind. After we were gloved and hatted, and had firmly grasped our umbrellas to combat the "liquid sunshine" we had heard so much about, we suddenly observed that our ship had slowed down and was leisurely treading water as if waiting for something.

A little shallop shot out from shore and came rocking over the waves toward us. She danced like an egg-shell on the rippling blue, curvetting gracefully around the stern of our ship and brought up on the port side. A thin, wiry, gray-haired man, with keen blue eyes and wearing government uniform, came on board.

"Inspection officer," some one murmured. Then the big gong sounded, summoning all the passengers to the dining saloon and we marched down like a flock of sheep and ranged ourselves in rows on either side the long tables. We sat there in hushed and solemn silence, until the wait seemed inter-

minable and some one ventured a joke at the expense of Uncle Sam. That relieved the strained tension and we chatted and chaffed while the inspection officer was going through his work in the steerage and second cabin.

Peggy had grown a trifle nervous with all this serious ceremony and tedious waiting, and she turned pale and grasped the table for support when our official jollier gravely told her that each passenger would be called out separately by name, and would be compelled to go forward and stand under an immense headlight which would be stationed at the main stairway before the open entrance to the dining saloon, where she must display her tongue for inspection to the health officer, and permit her pulse to be counted before she would be given a clean bill of health and allowed to land.

This is what really happened. The inspector simply walked rapidly down the line, giving each passenger a keen, penetrating glance as he passed. There was a howl of glee went up when he paused before a young college athlete, who, in taking a high dive a few days before, had struck the bottom of the bathing

pool which had been rigged up on deck, and whose face bore the marks of his reckless plunge. His explanation, and the surgeon's affidavit that the picturesque map on his countenance, done in bright scarlet, was the result of a too harsh contact with the canvas bottom of the bathing pool satisfied the officer that he would be running no risk of admitting a measles or scarlet fever patient on shore. After his first round, the inspecting officer made a second, counting us all, to see if the number corresponded with that of the passenger list.

After that we had to wait for another steamer to pull out from the wharf and then our pilot boat had to dash after her with our mail destined for San Francisco, so that altogether, it was fully two o'clock before we finally came up alongside the wharf.

Our guide, philosopher and friend at Honolulu was a California girl who was spending a year in this Paradise of the Pacific, and she proved herself past mistress in the art of showing the beauties of the place. She had engaged a seven-passenger touring car for us and, without a moment's delay, we bundled into it and away we sped.

Out over the smoothly macadamized roads

we whirled to Hawaii's historic peak, Pali, the auto climbing curve after curve till we landed on the heights, two thousand feet above the level of the sea whence we had come. At our feet lay the harbor of Honolulu, and between a panoramic view of tropical splendor, tempered and softened by the mist-like showers of "liquid sunshine," and the shadows of the clouds which seem to forever hover over Honolulu—so thin and transparent that the blue of the sky, and the shine of the sun is always breaking through.

On our return down this splendid mountain road we halted for a few minutes at the Country Club situated on a mesa commanding a view of the harbor and the sea. Before it stretches the smooth, velvet lawn of the golf links, its bunkers marked by hedges of brilliant begonias.

It is this riotous, tropical growth of Honolulu that most impresses you. The sweet, moist smell of spring is everywhere, and nature is forever having her face washed—sometimes a mere mist of a sprinkle, and again a smart shower as if a big bucket of water had suddenly been thrown out of Celestial windows just as one might toss a pail of water out the back door.

It rained every seven minutes and a half by my watch while we were there—not heavy soaking showers, but a soft-falling mist shot through with sunbeams.

“Seems as if the soul of the sky was laughing and it brings tears to its eyes,” quoted Peggy in her soft, southern accents.

The lawn mowers in Honolulu, you will observe, are run by horse power. You see a big mower, built on the same plan as our hand-run affairs, hitched to a horse that is patiently plodding over the lawn, driven by a native.

“Grass gets long enough to braid and tie up with ribbons in a week here if you don’t give it a hair-cut,” observed the chauffeur as we shot past a lovely hybiscus hedge over which tall oleander trees, heavy with their beauteous bloom of pink or white, nodded to us in friendly fashion. Most brilliant of all are the bourganvilleas which cover whole arbors and climb roof-high. Some of these are the same deep magenta of our California bourganvilleas and others are a brilliant flame-color. One of the prettiest sights I saw in Honolulu was a lovely girl, gowned in white, reaching up for a spray of bloom from an arbor literally smothered in these

gay, red flowers. Her white dress against the vivid scarlet background, her unconsciously graceful pose was a challenge for an artist's eye.

And speaking of girls, Honolulu is the Paradise of the summer girl for she has twelve brilliant moons in the year in which to do business. Next to the "liquid sunshine," the misty moonlight of Honolulu is most famous. Its silvery rays fall on the just and the unjust, the romantic and prosaic. Naturally then, an architectural feature of every pretentious home in Honolulu is the balcony—from which to view the moon of course.

Our hostess told us that there had been a complaint among the American girls there, however, that there was too much balcony and too little Romeo in Honolulu, which seems a shame when the stage settings are so perfect, and is a direct challenge for some of Uncle Sam's Romeos to wend their way hitherward.

The summer girl, like the moon, is an all-the-year-round product in Honolulu, too.

"We wear white dresses and summer gowns the year through," said our girlish

guide. "I haven't paid out but \$15 for clothes since I came here last June."

This remark created a distinct sensation among the feminine portion of our party, and paterfamilias pricked up his ears and said:

"Won't you please say that again?"

No furs, or velvets, or silks or satins for Honolulu girls. Just filmy mulls, and white linen or duck, and a sailor hat—and there you are—summer and winter the twelve months around.

In Honolulu there is no north, no south, no east, no west. Direction is determined rather by localities. "Out Waikiki way," means toward the beach of that name and Diamond Head; "Makai," is toward the sea; "up Mauka way," indicates toward the mountains, and "over Ewa way," means in the direction of the famous Ewa plantation. It sounds odd to hear your guide say, "Drive Ewa on King Street," or "Go Makai to the wharf."

We went out to Pearl Harbor where the government is creating a great naval station and spending millions in developing this Gibraltar of the mid-Pacific; we climbed Pacific Heights, which is the Nob Hill of Hon-

olulu, where wealthy residents have built themselves beautiful villas set in tropical gardens overlooking the sea.

"Here's the home of a man who, with his wife, started forty-five years ago to make a tour of the world," observed our hostess, as we passed an elegant home. "He stopped in Honolulu, and he never got any farther."

The birds of Honolulu you will notice, do not sing as ours do. They chirp instead—a soft, subdued, long-drawn note, that is weirdly beautiful and chimes in exactly with the surroundings. It is in perfect harmony with the golden mist that sifts softly from the sky, with the tropical indolence of the climate that invites to dreamy repose—this soft, sweet carol of the birds that we hear only at twilight when our golden-throated California songsters say good-night to their mates before they tuck their heads under their wings to go to sleep.

Of course we had heard about the wonderful aquarium at Honolulu, but we were wholly unprepared for the marvelous specimens of sea life that we found darting about in the tanks at Waikiki Beach. They seemed more like floating flowers, or brilliant plumaged tropical birds, than just fish.

“Who painted the fish?” is a frequent inquiry of tourists as they gaze on the gorgeous rainbow tinted fellows. Scientists say it is due to the color of the coral reefs in which they are hatched. Some are a delicate canary color, some are as gorgeous as peacocks, some are mottled, some are striped, some are spotted, and some are done in conventional patterns, but all wear coats of many and strikingly vivid colors.

One gay young sport proudly waved after him a long, tail-like appendage fully eight inches in length, which curved about with splendid grace as he swam gaily along. Occasionally you will behold what seems to be a fragment of the rocks inside the tank, suddenly detach itself and swim calmly away from its perch and you discover that what you had thought to be a stone, is a fish marked and colored precisely after the same pattern as the rock itself.

As we swept up before the entrance of the Moana Hotel at Waikiki for dinner, Peggy observed with a happy sigh:

“I’m actually suffering from scenic indigestion.”

The hotel dining room is built out over the blue, shining bay and the native Ha-

waiian waiters, clad in immaculate white linen, slip noiselessly about bringing you the most delicious food, and fruits in abundance—the papaia, a golden melon-like fruit, grapes, fresh from the vines, pineapples, and all the luscious products of tree and vine that grow in this Eden island.

It was in Honolulu as a matter of fact, that we discovered the pineapple. Not the dry, green and unripe pines that we Americans eat and call good, after chipping them off and saturating over-night with sugar to draw the juice out. Oh, my, no! Nevermore, after once tasting the Hawaiian pineapple on its native heath—yellow as gold, mellow as an orange, juicy as a watermelon, sweet as honey.

Dr. Robert J. Burdette, the famous preacher-humorist, who, with his wife, was spending the winter in Honolulu, described thus to us the proper way to eat a Hawaiian pineapple. “First,” he said, “get your pineapple; then go into the bathroom, pin a bath towel around your neck, stand over the bathtub and cut that pineapple into quarter sections. Then eat it just as you would a section of watermelon. The only difficulty is, as the old darky said

about eating melons, "It musses up yoh eahs so'."

After dinner we lingered for a time in the open court which stretches between the hotel and the lapping waters of the bay. Electric bulbs in red, white and blue, twinkled in the trees, coffee and cigars were served at small tables on the piazzas, or under the trees, and the strains of the weird, sweet Hawaiian music stole over our senses till we dreamed we were in fairyland.

On our return to the city we passed the Colonial home of Ex-Queen Liliuokalani near the Royal Hawaiian Hotel, and up the avenue of stately Royal palms to Oahu College surrounded by its wonderful fence of coral a mile long and covered with night blooming cactus, thousands of them in bloom, their petals unfolding in beauty and fragrance under the silver radiance of the moon.

Next morning at 10 o'clock our ship sailed away and set her course toward Japan. Hawaiians understand perfectly the grace of hospitality. They know how to speed the parting as well as welcome the coming guest. It seems as if practically the whole

town turns out to see you off, and brings along the band.

This municipal band, by the way, is the pride of Honolulu. It is maintained by the city, the same as the police force or any other municipal organization, and its services are in demand for all sorts of public functions, but never to be had for private occasions. It is composed of native Hawaiians and, for an hour before we left, this band played splendid music. The plaintive strains of Hawaii's national song, "Aloha Oe" (Love to You) entranced our ears and there were patriotic airs, and Southern melodies and, just as our ship slowly slipped away from the wharf, the music lapsed into the majestic measures of Lohengrin's "Wedding March." Wherefore I do not know unless in compliment to the gay young widow who was going out to Manila to meet her fiance, or to the pretty Southern girl whose lover was waiting for her in Shanghai. In a twinkling, the music swung into the familiar "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean" and, amidst great tossing of leis, clapping of hands and waving of handkerchiefs, we floated out over the still waters of Honolulu harbor, the last, sweet strains to reach our ears being

of that land of the free and home of the brave from which we were now taking our leave for a period of months to come.

The native boys, diving for nickels and dimes, followed our ship for a mile or more, sporting in the water like huge, brown-skinned human porpoises.

In Mid-ocean.

Twelve days in mid-ocean—sailing, sailing, sailing “out into the West where the sun goes down” to the point where the West meets the East. We cross the 180th meridian, and leave behind us the West—also a day which drops incidentally from our calendar. We fell asleep on Good Friday night, and awakened next morning to the East—and Easter Sunday.

Thenceforth we are at the beginning of things. We are starting now from the extreme boundary of the round world—where the sun first gets up—away out in the middle of the Pacific—and we are sailing toward the dawn of the Orient, the high noon of the equator, the afternoon of Western seas, and the sunset of the Occident.

Glorious days were those! The great ocean calm as a summer lake—scarcely a ripple on its shining blue surface, turquoise skies, sunny days, soft breezes, opalescent sunsets and mellow moonlight nights. Not a sail in sight; not a companion vessel on the great ocean highway—absolutely alone.

It was as if we—this boat-load of a few hundred souls—were the sole occupants of the universe. Even the wireless lost connection with us, and we missed the little daily paper printed on board giving us the telegraphic briefs of the world which seems now so distant—so entirely out of our ken.

You wake in the night sometimes and listen to the hourly call “All’s well” as the ship’s bell strikes the passing hours. You realize as never before how utterly solitary and alone you are—absolutely cut off from communication with the world at large—and yet—you never think of fear. You feel as safe and secure as when lying in your bed at home. The days pass in such quick succession and with such a degree of sameness that there is nothing to distinguish Monday from Wednesday, or Thursday from Tuesday—except on Sunday—that is different from any other day in the week. First, there is the regular weekly inspection of the crew by the ship’s officers. On one side of the promenade deck, the Japanese stewards and crew line up, and on the other the Chinese. All are clad in spotless white and as the captain and chief officers go down the line, every hand is raised in salute.

At 11 o'clock the ship's bell summons passengers to the dining saloon for church service. If no clergyman is on board, then the captain leads in the impressive ritualistic service of the Episcopalian, or English church. Never will the Psalm of the Sea appeal to you as now—"They that go down to the sea in ships...These see the works of the Lord, and His wonders in the deep...so He bringeth them to their desired haven."

Wonderfully impressive, too, are the hymns—the voices rising in that familiar tune "There's a wideness in God's mercy, like the wideness of the sea," or the "Pilot" hymn.

Our last night on shipboard before reaching Yokohama was made memorable by the captain's dinner—a function that always marks the final festivities on Pacific liners. The big ship had been our home so long—almost three weeks—that there was a feeling of universal regret at leaving her hospitable state rooms and spacious decks. We had formed delightful acquaintances, too, and, while eagerly looking forward to our arrival in Japan there was nevertheless a

lingering regret at thought of leaving our floating home.

The big dining-room was made gorgeous for this last banquet with hundreds of flags, representing the nations of the earth, fluttering from the ceiling, while gay pennants and Japanese lanterns lent further color to the brilliant effect. A dinner party with the host absent seems a rather strange proceeding, but that is what happened on this occasion for the captain stood at his post on the bridge all that afternoon and all through the night, for the approach to Yokohama is so perilous that it requires careful and expert seamanship. So, faithful to his trust, the captain guided the big ship while we, his guests, made merry below.

It was midnight before festivities were over—the dinner, and after that, the presentation of trophies won in the various deck games and tournaments which had whiled away the time of our voyage, and then the concert in the music room. It was scarcely dawn next morning when we were awakened by the vigorous beating of the big gong announcing that we were anchored just outside the harbor of Yokohama. Dapper little Japanese surgeons from the quar-

antine station were already on board and anxious to begin their work of inspection. We hustled into our clothes and answered the summons to the dining saloon where we were subjected to the quick, keen scrutiny of the health officers who politely and promptly pronounced us all good subjects for the Land of the Rising Sun.

Outside the rain was falling in torrents. Umbrellas and raincoats were in demand, and we were taken off in relays in little launches which landed us on the wharf before the custom house.

In nearly all ports in the Far East you will notice that the big ocean liner rarely docks but puts her passengers ashore in launches. Some Japanese officials, after a merely nominal examination of our baggage, slapped on the stickers and passed us through the custom house.

The Land of the 'Riksha.

Some one has said that Japan is the child of the world's old age and it certainly does give one the impression of an empire of animated dolls when you first set eyes on the diminutive little brown men, the pretty, pink-cheeked maidens teetering along on their clicking sandals, and the jinrikshas like overgrown baby cabs, mounted on two rubber-tired wheels and built after the fashion of the English baby coach. All this combines to make an American feel very big, very awkward, and very ungainly. Indeed, one of the amusing sights of Japan is that of a 200-pound American crowded into a jinriksha, his feet half hanging out for want of space, hauled about the streets by a lively little Jap who sprints along at a jog trot.

Harold Bolce says that one ride in a railway train in the Land of the Rising Sun does much to disillusion the American who has fondly believed that Uncle Sam is the godfather of Japan. Take a train at Yokohama and ride to Tokyo and, but for the character of your fellow passengers, you

might readily believe you were traveling from Liverpool to London. The whole system is thoroughly British. You find painted over the ticket booth at the station "Booking Office," and you never "check your baggage" in Japan—you "forward your luggage." Whether you find it at your destination is another thing. It fills your soul with doubt to behold posted up in the baggage room of the railway station "Luggage forwarded in all directions," and you wonder uneasily in which direction yours will go.

You notice too that there are girls in most of the ticket offices. You almost always buy your railway ticket of a girl in Japan. In fact, the women of Japan, under the new regime, are coming into a much larger life than hitherto. In a single bank in Tokyo I was told that fifty young women are employed. At Osaka, the great industrial center—the Manchester of Japan—over 40,000 women and children are employed in the big silk and cotton factories, and in the telephone offices are 700 more.

But the thing that most impresses you in all Japan, is its swarming human life. Scarcely a woman on the crowded streets, or a child of sufficient size to bear the bur-

den, but has on her back a baby. Carried pappoose fashion, inside the loose kimono, that little black head is always in evidence, bobbing over the shoulders. Another thing that impresses you is the fact that you almost never hear a baby cry in Japan although they are swarming all around you. Stolid little bunches of humanity, they regard life philosophically and soberly—for you rarely see a baby smile either.

A missionary to Japan, who has served many years at Nagoya, told me that no place in the empire containing a population of less than 100,000 is considered a city. The rest are all villages. When one stops to reflect that Japan has a population of 50,000,000—almost one-half that of the entire United States—and is increasing at the enormous rate of 700,000 annually, and yet has but 18,000 square miles of tillable land, one can understand her congested population and how eagerly she has taken possession of her Korean territory. Fancy crowding 50,000,000 people into a little empire whose area is slightly more than that of Montana!

The United States Department of Agriculture makes the statement that the cultivated area of Japan comprises a district

equal to about one-third the size of the State of Illinois. In fact, only fifteen per cent. of the territory of the empire is adapted to the cultivation of their annual crops, and yet these little brown men have conducted their farming with such industry and scientific skill that this insignificant area has supported 50,000,000 people.

Kamakura is an hour's ride from Yokohama by steam car, situated on the seashore and it is one of the beauty spots of Japan and a favorite watering place. It is here that you see the famous Daibutsu statue of Buddha. As the train passes out into the open from Yokohama, you get your first glimpse of the country with its gardens and rice fields, its bamboo forests and intensely cultivated fields.

As soon as we disembarked at the railway station at Kamakura we were surrounded by 'riksha men, jabbering and gesticulating to secure our attention and our patronage. An official who spoke very good English came to our rescue and we were soon mounted in the funny, two-wheeled cabs.

Our human horses on this occasion were somewhat handicapped. One was a little, weazened old man about as big as a minute,

and another had but one eye. The little old man was assigned to Peggy. Now Peggy is no lightweight and she rebelled at the prospect.

"You no can haul me," she protested in voluble Jap-English, "I too much heavy—you too much old—sabe?"

For reply, the little old man puckered his toothless jaws into a cheerful grin, spit on his hands, grabbed the thills of the 'riksha and trotted gaily off leading the procession, but he vanished at the first stopping place and was seen no more, his place being taken by a younger and stronger man.

If you do not visit Nikko you do not see Japan, is the opinion, not only of the Japanese themselves, but of all tourists who have made a pilgrimage to this charming spot away up in the mountains, two thousand feet above Tokyo, from which city it is distant five hours by rail and reached by express trains which give excellent service. The first-class compartments, by which all foreigners travel as the second-class are simply impossible in the Orient for Americans, are very comfortable indeed, the seats running lengthwise and well upholstered. Japanese of the upper class also patronize these com-

partments and you are interested in watching them as they enter the car, slip their shoes off and draw their immaculate white-stockinged feet under them, sitting Turk fashion.

As we approach Nikko the train climbs higher and higher, winding through the most beautiful section of country where grow monumental forest trees. For miles the way parallels the famous avenue lined on either side with giant cryptomeria trees of three centuries growth. This avenue is twenty-five miles long and is one of the sights of Japan. When the train finally puffs into the station, you are met with the usual flock of 'riksha men who have the Niagara Falls "barkers" beaten to a finish; you mount the queer little vehicle and away you go, up the straight, steep street—so steep that it requires the united effort of two men to run the 'riksha—one to pull and one to push. You proceed in this fashion for a full mile through the principal street and then make an abrupt turn to Hotel Kanaya which is perched on a terrace high above the street and overhanging the rushing river spanned by the famous Sacred Bridge across which no one

is permitted to pass except the Emperor and members of the Imperial family.

As we faced the steep incline leading up to the hotel, Peggy shrieked in alarm and begged to get down and walk, but without the slightest halt, the little brown men whisked our procession of 'rikshas around the curve while a third man darted out from the flock of dogs that obstruct the streets, to help push. Altogether, we made quite an imposing procession, our five 'rikshas propelled by fifteen men. I felt like the Queen of Sheba approaching with her court, and this sensation was augmented when, as we landed at the hotel entrance, we were met by the proprietor and a retinue of attendants, all bowing and kowtowing as they welcomed us to their humble abode—which happened to be a magnificent, modern hotel, with rooms arranged in charming suites and pretty Japanese maidens to dance attendance and bring braziers of coals to our rooms in the frosty, early morning.

Nikko has a double glory—that of nature and of art. There are the mountains, cascades and monumental forest trees, and there are the temples and pagodas—eight hundred of them—scattered through the for-

ests, the most perfect assemblage of shrines in all the world. Surely the ancient worshippers had a just appreciation of nature's loveliness when they reared there, among the majestic mountains and the leaping cascades, the mausoleum of the illustrious Shogun dynasty.

If you can plan to be at Nikko the 1st of June you will witness the great annual festival of the temples. The Imperial household has a palace at Nikko which is usually occupied by some members of the family during the summer months when the place is crowded with visitors and pilgrims who come to worship at its shrines.

There are innumerable shops at Nikko, filled with exquisitely carved wood, and for a few sen you can pick up trays and souvenirs of the most beautiful workmanship. Nikko is also the fur market of Japan and you may purchase lovely white fur slippers or "sneaks" for half a dollar—such as would cost you four times that sum in the Oriental shops at home. There are beautiful collars and neck pieces, too, to be had for a mere trifle compared with our prices. But then, there is always the duty to reckon with.

Shopping in Japan, by the way, is a fas-

cinating business. You are beset by shopkeepers everywhere, who send representatives to your hotel to ask your patronage. You find cards galore, and envelopes filled with the most artistic and tempting advertising matter stuck under the door of your room. The best hotels no longer permit merchants to bring goods to the private rooms of guests, but you find them lurking in corridors and halls and in hotel parlors eager to display their bargains. When you go to the shops you are met by bowing and salaaming clerks and proprietors who fairly confuse you with the multitude of lovely things to tempt the yen from your purse—mandarin coats, kimonos, exquisitely embroidered crepes, carved ivory and an endless array of artistic and beautiful articles.

In some of the select shops to which your guide conducts you, tea and rice cakes are passed about on lacquered trays by little Japanese girls and you are treated quite as if you were an invited guest instead of just a shopper. I suspect that many a visitor is hypnotized into purchasing by this charming and polite custom of these shrewd little merchants of the Orient. One must learn how to shop in Japan, however, for prices

vary in different stores in the most astonishing manner. Your guide always has his particular round of certain shops which allow him a percentage on purchases. If you chance to suggest a shop of which you have heard, and his face suddenly becomes a blank, and he protests that he never heard of such a place, you may set it down as a certainty that he has no arrangement with that special shop, and likely it will be to your financial interest to look it up independently.

"We don't have to live in the United States to be popular," said Peggy as we trailed through the streets of Tokyo leading to the great Asakusa Temple, followed by a throng of curious native men, women and children who gazed at us as if we were escaped lunatics.

"This is the Coney Island of Tokyo," observed our guide as we wedged our way along the crowded thoroughfares. As he was educated in one of our American universities and served an apprenticeship in New York, he ought to know what he is talking about in the way of comparisons. It did resemble Coney Island—this wide street lined with shops and bazaars, wax-

work shows, cineomatographs, and screaming phonographs, and crowded with people. No vehicles of any kind are permitted here and we had to leave our 'rikshas at the entrance while we joined the throng of pedestrians. All were headed one way—toward the temple—one of the largest in all Japan, where the people, rich and poor, and mostly poor and very poor at that, come to worship. We ascended the flight of stone steps, always followed by a curious throng which so increased as we went that by the time we reached the entrance to the wide, open porch of the temple we could hardly make any progress at all. They were orderly and perfectly polite, but were evidently consumed with curiosity and amazement at our appearance. The women half timidly touched our clothes, fingered our hats gingerly, pointed at Peggy's blonde locks, and then chattered and laughed among themselves apparently in great glee. It became fairly embarrassing.

"Do you suppose it is our motor veils?" whispered Peggy, for riding in a 'riksha is about as fatal to the slant of your hat as facing a head wind in an automobile, hence the veils.

"No," said the guide, "it's just because you are foreigners and appear strange to them. They're talking about your hair now," he observed; "they never see any one but foreigners with light hair you know."

Kneeling before the shrine of the temple in the wide portico were men, women and children, murmuring prayers to Buddha and tossing coins into a great hopper, closing their devotions by solemnly clapping the hands together three times.

"The daily contributions here amount to about 300 yen (\$150)," said the guide.

Fluttering all around were doves, the sacred birds of Japan, and chickens were running about among the worshippers. One old rooster was perched on a round of the hopper in front of the shrine and occasionally a stray coin would hit him, but this incident did not ruffle his feathers or his dignity in the least.

There are some 20,000 temples in Japan, the Sixth Shogun Temple in Shiba Park being one of the finest. This is where the Japanese nobility go to worship the memory of their ancestors and the amount of gold lacquer and exquisite carving in this one temple would, if turned into coin of com-

mensurate value, go far toward liquidating the national debt of Japan.

We sailed from Yokohama on the Korea and took advantage of our all-day stop at Kobe to run up to Kyoto, fifty miles away. The train climbed slowly and arrived so much behind schedule time that we had but one short hour to spend in this lovely city which is considered by travelers the "park of the world," with its more than nine hundred Buddhist temples and Shinto shrines, its exquisite pottery and porcelain and cloisonne productions.

At Kobe we entered the Inland Sea of Japan, which is one of the world's beauty spots. All day long the big ocean liner threaded her way in and out among the lovely islands that stud the blue waters of this land-locked sea. A special pilot is taken on board at Kobe, for no sea captain will trust his individual knowledge to the changing tides, the narrow channels and tortuous ways of this winding course. Every island, no matter how small, is inhabited and cultivated from the water's edge to the highest peak, the fields of green maize climbing to the summit. Small villages and settlements populate the larger islands and this Inland

Sea is a favorite summer resort for the English, German and foreign residents of Shanghai and other cities on the coast of China.

The largest vessels in the world anchor in the spacious harbor of Nagasaki which guards the western entrance to the Inland Sea and it was here that we saw our huge liner coaled for the run across the Yellow Sea to Shanghai. As soon as we came to anchor a small fleet of barges swarmed about us, manned by hundreds of Japanese—men and women—and all day long baskets of coal, not large enough to hold more than a small hodfull, were passed rapidly from hand to hand until dumped into the bunkers of the ship. Some of the women had babies strapped to their backs, and some of them were mere children not more than twelve years old. The rapidity with which coal is thus loaded by hand is astonishing. I was told that the record amount to date was 1150 tons in eleven hours. Imagine how many pairs of hands worked continuously for eleven hours in order to load by this slow process as many hundred tons.

Progressive as the Japanese are in many things, they seem slow in grasping the possibilities of machine over hand labor. They

make human horses, and human engines, and human levers of themselves, and one wonders at the amount of vigor and strength stored up in those little brown bodies.

It is something heartrending—the way the women work in Japan, sometimes hauling loads through the streets, always carrying children on their backs, and as you watch it all you think of the poor old woman in Frances Little's "The Lady of the Decoration" who asked the missionary:

"If I paid your God with offerings and prayers, do you think He would make my work easier? I am so tired," and of that other scene so graphically pictured when the mothers of the little kindergartners sat bewildered before the magic lantern show given for their entertainment, until there was flashed upon the sheet the picture of Christ toiling up the mountain under the burden of the cross, when a sudden interest swept over the room and every silent, stolid woman woke to instant life. The story was new and strange, but the fact was as old as life itself. It touched their lives and brought quick tears of sympathy to their eyes.

At Kyoto we saw, in one of the temples, great coils of rope made from hair sent by

the women of Japan, to bind the timbers together, as no nails are used in the construction of the temple.

"I believe it shall be given to the women of Japan to teach us the real meaning of self-sacrifice and loyalty," said a missionary. "The mystical East can teach the practical West many things."

A missionary went to see a certain Japanese woman in Yokohama whose husband and two sons had been killed in the war between Japan and Russia. She expected to find her overwhelmed with grief but instead, this thrice afflicted woman of Japan looked at her with calm eyes and said:

"I have been giving thanks to God that He has permitted me to give my all for my country."

When the Crown Prince of Russia visited Japan a few years ago an attempt was made to assassinate him. Next morning, at the gate of the Royal Palace where he was staying, there was found the dead body of a young Japanese girl and on it a note saying that she had felt so keenly the disgrace of an attempt to kill a guest of the Empire, that it seemed to her the only way to expiate the crime was to offer her life as a

sacrifice.

A young Japanese scholar, a graduate of the University at Tokyo, told me the secret, I believe, of the Japanese victory over the Russians. He said:

“We count our country first in all things. To lose one’s life for her is the highest honor,” and it is this principle that the Japanese mother impresses on her sons—first, last and all the time.

Shanghai, the Paris of the Pacific.

It is a 36-hour run across the Yellow Sea from Nagasaki to Shanghai and we found the waters smooth as oil—scarcely a wrinkle on the surface of this sea of molten gold. It was just at dawn of a perfect April morning that we dropped anchor in the port of this great Chinese city, and found a trim little launch ready to take us fifteen miles up the wide mouth of the Yangtze to the city itself. We greatly enjoyed the run up the river in the fresh, morning breeze.

I have been asked many times what place in all my travels I liked best and I have astonished many people by putting Shanghai in the front row and very near the top. It is a wonderfully interesting city. Frank Carpenter says of it:

“The growth of Shanghai beats that of the gourd of Jonah, which sprang up in a night. It is now a modern European city. It has business blocks which might be dropped down in New York or London and not be out of place, and residences which would be fine in Washington or Paris. Along

the Bund, the wide road which faces the river, are a dozen or more banks whose capital runs into the tens of millions and whose managers are so trusted that they can dip into the pockets of the nations and draw out at pleasure. On the same street are club houses, some of which have cost hundreds of thousands of dollars to build. There are big hotels where you can live as well as at home, and shops, with plate-glass windows, containing European goods of every description. Shanghai is the Paris of the Far East. It is one of the richest cities in Asia, and it takes the best of all that is going."

Out Bubbling Well Road, which is the fashionable residential thoroughfare, there is a regular "millionaire's row" of magnificent homes, and the English, French and German sections where the ambassadors live make you rub your eyes and wonder if you are on Riverside Drive in New York, or in the Back Bay section of Boston.

It is only the Far East that can offer such luxury of living at small cost. Domestic service commands a mere pittance. The wife of a missionary stationed at Wuhu, who was a passenger on board our steam-

ship going across the Pacific, told me in the most matter-of-fact way that she always kept four servants—and the combined wages of the quartette totaled exactly six dollars a month in our money. One reason why so many servants are required is because the work is distinctly classified. Your cook would no more think of performing any other labor beside cooking than a dress-maker in this country would think of doing millinery. “To each one, his work” seems to be the slogan. The cook, cooks; the second boy sweeps and waits on table; the ayah, takes care of the baby; the laundryman washes. There’s no “general housemaid” idea in China.

You discover immediately that the ’rikshas in China are far more comfortable than in Japan. They are more roomy, and they are hung lower, and they roll smoothly and noiselessly along on pneumatic tires drawn by swift-footed Chinamen, clad in blue denim uniforms—for China is the Land of the Blue Gown.

One of the features of Shanghai life which is bound to challenge your immediate attention is the picturesque East Indian policemen—six feet tall and straight as a wil-

low, their dark features like carved mahogany and gay red, blue, green or yellow turbans wound artistically around their heads. They stand at every corner and crossing, their long, black beards tucked inside their uniforms and their great height giving them a most imposing appearance.

If you have but ten days in China, as did we, about the best itinerary you can plan is to take a trip up the Yangtze River to Hankow, six hundred miles into the heart of China. The trip occupies six days—three going up and the same number coming back. If you have two or three weeks before you must return to Shanghai to catch your steamer, then plan by all means to visit Peking. You can go up the river to Hankow, as I mention, and then, instead of returning to Shanghai by the same route, take train at Hankow and go directly to Peking—a ride of some thirty hours I believe. Then you can visit the Great Wall of China and return by way of Tientsin and down the coast by steamer to Shanghai.

As our time was limited, we had to cut Peking out of our itinerary and content ourselves with this sail up the Yangtze stopping at Nanking on our return trip and coming thence by rail back to Shanghai.

Up the Yangtze.

You know the name Yangtze-Kiang signifies "River of Fragrant Flowers." It was spring in China, and I wish I could make you see the placid beauty of it all as we floated up that mighty waterway between shores green as emerald on a river of molten gold—for the waters of the Yangtze are literally golden. Some one less poetic might say they were simply "roily" or muddy, but I defy anyone with a spark of sentiment in his nature as he watches the white foam burst its bubbles from the trail of the steamer on the yellow surface of the river under the sunshine of a spring day to be so prosaic.

In some places the river widens to a distance of twenty miles, and again it narrows to a slender stream and you sit in your comfortable steamer chair under the wide deck awnings and watch the panorama on shore—the green fields growing right down to the water's edge, the trees and the wild flowers just bursting into bloom—pink and white, and yellow and pale lilac—a perfect kaleido-

scope of delicate colors, wafting a wealth of sweet perfume. From lofty mountain peaks against the skyline in the distance you see tall pagodas rise—shrines where worshipping hundreds climb the steep sides to bow to Buddha. All along shore are fishermen's huts of straw, and sampans heavily laden with freight and passengers are towed alongside, a single coolie being the motive power, walking in a path and pulling the boat, after the fashion of mules on a canal.

Every August the river overflows its banks, at some points rising as high as the trees along shore. It is then that we read in our home papers of the awful destruction of life and of crops. This annual summer overflow is caused by snow melting in the mountains above the source of the river. Many people plan to go back inland each summer and so arrange their crops that they can be harvested before floodtime.

The steamers operated on the river are comfortable to the point of luxury. They accommodate about twenty-five first-class passengers and the state rooms are far more commodious than on the great ocean liners. There are no upper berths and you enjoy all the delights of a model houseboat. Our

steamer was a perfect little gem of a craft—painted snow white with soft green silken hangings in her saloons, and growing palms giving an artistic touch.

In my American egotism, I had expected something rather crude in the shape of a tug that would convey us into the heart of heathen China, and I was so amazed at the wholly modern and strictly down-to-date arrangements of this trim river steamer that I remarked to the skipper:

“I suppose this is a new line, is it not?”

“It has been in operation forty years, Madame,” was his reply; and I was suddenly shocked into a very real realization of how young, and immature and ignorant I was. This impression of the youth and temerity of our young republic deepens as you sail on up the Yangtze past fertile fields and realize that for thousands of years this same agricultural activity has been going on, year after year, generation after generation—long before America was even on the map. We recall too that a school of languages flourished in China nearly four thousand years ago, and that the oldest newspaper in the world, published in Peking, appeared regularly before many Western peoples had devised an alphabet.

The steamer touches at various cities and towns—at Chinkiang, Kiukiang, Wuhu, and at Nanking—where on our return trip we stop over for a day to visit the famous Ming Tombs and to explore this beautiful old city with its willow-shaded roads, its great wall, and its splendid mission schools.

Early in the morning of our fourth day from Shanghai our steamer moors at the wharf at Hankow. It is here that the great Russian tea houses are located and a visit to one of them is worth while. You will see how the tea leaves are handled, from the best grade to the lowest, and not an atom wasted. The dust of the leaves is made into bricks to be used for the exiles in Siberia. These bricks are as black as coal and as hard as the ordinary brick of commerce. You can flake off enough to dissolve in a cup of hot water and it makes a fairly decent cup of tea. For six weeks in the year—from May till the middle of June—the tea taster is the grand Mogul in Hankow. It is his business to taste and test all the various brands and on his judgment rests its market value. It is said that he never swallows his sample sip, and even then the nervous strain is so great that no tea-taster can endure his

exacting duty longer than ten or twelve years.

It was in Hankow that we saw an illustration of the Chinese method of punishing criminals. We were passing the police station and noticed across the street several Chinamen standing in a row, the head of each thrust through a hole in an immense square board on which was written in huge Chinese characters the nature of the crime he had committed which in this case was thieving. The chief of police, who was an Englishman, told us that these men were condemned to stand thus all day long for thirty days in the public streets as punishment.

Sailing Toward the Equator.

We sailed from Shanghai on the Delta and nowhere in all our travels did we see such glorious sunsets as in those tropic skies that bend above the blue waters of the China Sea. The wondrous cloud effects of gold and crimson, of purpling lights and shadows in which the twilight lingered were enchanting. The second morning after leaving Shanghai we found ourselves in the tropics and heavy clothing was quickly exchanged for summer garb, while electric fans began whirling in cabins and dining saloon.

We spent thirty hours at Hongkong, sailing south at noon on the last day of April. The scene presented by this wonderful city at night is one never to be forgotten. As we sat on deck we faced a literal fairyland of flashing lights. On every craft afloat in the bay—and there were hundreds of them—and from the windows of every building on shore, which stretch from the water front to the summit of the loftiest peaks, flashed and twinkled the flame of an electric bulb, or a brilliant arc light, until it

seemed that the stars of heaven itself had come down to rest upon this enchanted bay and wondrous city builded on the heights which rise abruptly on the little island that lies like a jewel at the mouth of the river which here mingles its waters with those of the sea.

And right here I want to give my readers a tip that Hongkong is a splendid place to shop. Never mind the heat, even though the perspiration bathes your brow and drips off your nose—you just shop—and if you are too lazy to leave the ship, shop right there, for the merchants fairly swarm on board bringing their goods. You may order a pongee or linen suit made for yourself, your husband or your daughter and it will be delivered on board next morning. The drawn work, grass cloth and laces make you fairly hold your breath. You can buy a waist pattern, done in beautiful Canton drawn work for \$1.25 in gold, and strips of this exquisite, lace-like handwork may be purchased for as little as fifteen cents a yard.

Then there's the bamboo and rattan chairs. On this English line of steamers, unlike the Pacific Mail and Atlantic liners, we could not rent a steamer chair for the

voyage. But that's no hardship or extra expense, for you can buy one in Hongkong for about the same money you pay for the use of one across the Pacific or the Atlantic. It fairly rends your soul that you cannot carry your prize through Europe and on home with you, but such a proceeding would cost more than a dozen chairs. You no sooner come to anchor in the bay of Hongkong than Chinese merchants swarm the decks offering these chairs for sale. If you talk long enough, and act indifferent enough, you'll secure a splendid rattan steamer chair, with sufficient extension to allow you to lounge at full length, for the modest sum of \$1.25.

One of the sights of Hongkong is its famous Flower Street. It is one of those steep streets in which that city abounds. You have to climb cement stairs as you ascend—leading right up the slope from Queen Street, and when you come to it you will utter an involuntary cry of delight. Stretching up the incline for a block or more is a continuous bazaar of the loveliest cut flowers. Great clusters of Easter lilies were thrust in our faces—a dozen or more blos-

soms in the bunch—for the modest price of fifteen cents.

Then you must make the ascent to the Peak by the electric tram. In seven minutes from the time you leave the sea level you are three thousand feet above it with a marvelous panoramic view of the bay, the city and the sea stretched out before you. On your way down, get off at Bowen Road and walk through the winding roads past gardens of flowers and ferns, of banyan and bamboo trees, in the midst of which are set beautiful homes. You will come out in Queen's Road in the heart of the shopping district.

Thirty hours from Hongkong and you are at Singapore—the halfway house in your great swing around the circle. You are now about eighty miles from the equator and naturally expect to find it hot and humid. A rip-roaring thunder storm heralded our arrival there and cooled the atmosphere in the most agreeable manner. I have suffered more from heat and humidity on a summer day in New York than I did during the twenty-hours we were in Singapore under the very shine of the equator.

A young native, clad in spotless white

duck, who came aboard directly our ship lay at anchor, surveyed our party carefully and promptly claimed us for his own. He displayed a letter of recommendation from the American Consul, calmly attached himself to us with an air of proprietorship, politely but firmly ignored all efforts to shake him off, escorted us ashore, placed us in a tram car, disembarked us when we reached the city, bundled us into a gharry—we had ceased to resist by this time—and proceeded to show us the city, and the surroundings thereof, including Johore, distant an hour by steam car. Truth to tell, he did it rather well, too. He took us first to the museum where we saw a regular canned menagerie—enough tigers, and lions, and beasts and birds and reptiles to haunt your dreams forever.

The island of Singapore, it must be remembered, is known as the Lion Island, owing to the many lions that stalk through its jungles. Tigers too abound, and the first thing that greeted us as we entered the museum was a huge stuffed tiger killed by the Sultan of Johore, and presented by him to the museum. This Malay monster reclined in such a lifelike position in his glass cage and had

such a sardonic grin on his classic features that Peggy began softly chanting her favorite limerick:

“There was a young lady of Niger,
Who sat on the back of a tiger,” etc.

We went to the Botanical Gardens—all these Oriental cities have botanical gardens—they don’t call them parks over there. The soil of Singapore is such a brilliant brick color that the roads literally run red between the close-cut turf of green and the rich, rank growth of vines and hedges. We tasted the delicious fruits of the tropics—mangosteens, the queer, little dwarfed bananas, and other luscious products known only to equatorial regions.

The roads in and about Singapore might be held up as models to the nations of the earth—so smooth and hard, so beautifully laid out, curving past pineapple plantations, groves of rubber trees and sago palms and tapioca fields. There are hundreds of automobiles in Singapore and the familiar honk-honk was good to our American ears after our sojourn in the land of the ’riksha and sedan chair, the hard-working coolie and the human horses of China and Japan. Singapore swings like a pendant from the south-

ern tip of the Malay Peninsula, and is only separated by a narrow strait less than a mile wide, from the mainland of Asia. The island is egg-shaped, and is twenty-eight miles long by fourteen miles wide.

The next port is Penang, about twenty-four hours' sail from Singapore, and one of the most charming places at which your ship touches. Be sure to go ashore at Penang.

Ceylon's Spicy Breezes.

"May I put in the wind chute, Madame?" were the first words that greeted my sleepy ears as the flush of dawn swept the rosy sky above the broad expanse of the Indian Ocean.

My soul grew sick with fear and I stammered, "Is—is—it getting rough?" while visions of the *mal de mer* I had buried in the China Sea, now leagues behind, flashed through my mental vision.

"No, Madame, no—smoother," was the reassuring reply of the steward, "and warmer. This chute will send a current of air through your cabin," and he proceeded to fix in place a section of metal pipe which projected out beyond the port-hole.

Instantly a miniature cyclone of salt, sea air shot through the pipe almost blowing me out of my berth. That blessed "shoot" caught every wandering breeze on the Indian Ocean, and a few from the Arabian Sea to the north of us, I suspect, and swept them through our cabin.

Peggy stirred sleepily on her upper shelf

and murmured something about the spicy breezes that blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle.

The entrance to the harbor of Colombo is said to be the narrowest in the world entered by big ships. A breakwater encloses it, and just outside, our pilot came aboard as the Delta lazily sailed along toward the entrance at nine o'clock on a glorious starlight night. It seemed as if the sides of the great ship almost grazed the bulkheads from which glared two immense headlights—one red and the other green—each marking the edge of the seawall and showing the width of the entrance.

An Englishman stood at my side as we leaned over the bow watching the careful and accurate piloting of our ship through the narrow way.

"Some of these pilots make a thousand pounds a year," he remarked, "guiding vessels into the harbor. You see our passage occupies about ten minutes and the man at the wheel gets three or four pounds for the service."

Another instance of the value of "knowing how."

Peggy and I did Colombo by tram, riding in the second class compartment with the

hoi polloi, so to speak. The first class compartment consisted of the front seat only, which could be shared with the motorman. He was big and brown and greasy looking, and as it cost as much again to ride out there, Peggy and I decided to economize and at the same time get the local color of the place by fraternizing with the natives. We recklessly embarked on the first tram we met and when the conductor came for fares, we politely opened our purses and let him extract the needful coin. In this way we rode twelve miles over two different lines for as many cents. Seeing that we were orphans and alone, and foreigners at that, the Singhalese conductor, who spoke fairly good English, constituted himself our guide, philosopher and friend, pointing out the places of interest as we passed.

On our return from this sight-seeing trip we drank delicious Ceylon tea in a picturesque pagoda-like tea house, and prowled about the shops, for here as elsewhere in the Orient, shopping is a very fascinating business. Really, though, the best place to shop at Ceylon is on shipboard. The shops come to you in the shape of swarthy merchants carrying big bundles of laces, exquisitely

wrought grass-cloth dress and waist patterns, and trays of jewels which they spread out before you as you sit lazily in your steamer chair and barter, bargain and buy to your heart's content.

And such a sliding scale of prices makes your arithmetic fairly dizzy! Asking the price of a thing is merely opening the conversation, as someone has said. These shrewd and wily merchants of the Far East are guided in their dealings solely by the rule of greed which extracts every fraction of a rupee that you will pay. The best time to buy is just before the ship sails—immediately after the natives are warned off deck by the ship's officers. This is the crucial moment—it is a case of now or never, and prices fall like magic.

You are amazed to find that the handful of stones—shining sapphires, red rubies, milky moonstones, opals, turquoise and glittering gems of all sorts—precious and semi-precious—no one knows but an expert—may be had now for thirty shillings, whereas the original asking price was seven pounds sterling. The lovely Maltese lace handkerchief likewise has shrunk in value to a mere shilling, and your soul fairly

shouts with glee as you shell out the shillings, rupees and pence to possess yourself of these jewels and laces of Ceylon.

You will observe that the costumes of these people down here near the equator are noted chiefly for their simplicity and brevity. The children wear, for the most part, only their shining black skins and a bright smile—and they look like little ebony gods. The men wear their hair long and twisted into a tight knot at the nape of the neck, drawn back from the forehead by a huge tortoise-shell comb, like the circle comb of our grandmother's childish days, and which sets up like a halo.

The fashionable costume for the women consists of a couple of yards of bright, plaid gingham, pinned around the waist, its scant folds falling to just below the knee. The waist is of white cotton cloth elaborately trimmed with coarse lace through the meshes of which the dark skin shows, emphasizing the pattern of the lace.

The popular native conveyance in Colombo is a two-wheeled cart drawn by a pair of small water buffaloes, funny little animals that look like diminutive cows with humps back of their necks. There are street

pumps everywhere and the natives take their baths under them, splashing the water over their half clad bodies, and drinking from cocoanut shells.

The Red Sea.

We approached the Red Sea with considerable trepidation, not knowing just what to expect in the way of climate from the conflicting reports we had heard—dire tales of death, disease, and even insanity.

“Of course you intend to sleep on deck in your steamer chair when we’re in the Red Sea” ventured a nervous woman whose husband’s aunt’s neighbor had made the trip ten years ago.

Another solemnly informed us that frequently the ship is compelled to turn around and go in the opposite direction for half an hour or so at a time, in order to catch the breeze from the southeast and give passengers a chance to gasp a few times and renew the supply of oxygen in their lungs.

A dyspeptic looking man groaned feebly and remarked in a funereal tone that he had heard that passengers sometimes went quite insane from the awful heat and had to be guarded to prevent them from jumping overboard.

Another fellow passenger laughed to scorn all these gloomy predictions and advised us to get out our steamer rugs. He said that he had actually suffered from cold on previous trips when passing through this body of water which flows between two deserts.

So you can see for yourself that we were uncertain as to what new terrors awaited us in this sea through which the hosts of Pharaoh passed. We reached Aden in the early morning and our ship lay there several hours awaiting the arrival of the mail steamer from Bombay.

The most prominent feature of the landscape at Aden is the town-clock which towers above the huddle of red-roofed buildings, clinging like swallows' nests to the steep, rocky sides of the frowning cliffs which rise from the shore. Not a spear of grass or vegetation anywhere. A few sickly trees of straggling growth speak pathetically of effort to create artificial shade from the pitiless glare of the sun which scorches the grim rocks and the fortress-guarded port which forms the gateway to the Red Sea.

Evidently there is a wag at Aden for we

beheld such signs as "Keep Off the Grass" and "Do Not Pick the Flowers" posted up here and there in the public square which faces the water front. Camels solemnly parade the single street hauling two-wheeled carts, and Aden possesses several auto-omnibuses which convey tourists to the famous water tanks discovered some sixty years ago, excavated out of solid rock, no one knows how many centuries gone. Some say in King Solomon's time. The purpose of these huge reservoirs, it is supposed, was to store water to supply the inhabitants of Aden and a pessimist on board remarked that, according to report handed down from generation to generation, it has never rained in Aden since Solomon's reign.

An Australian editor however, who went out to inspect the tanks, told me that he had heard it rumored that actual records show it does rain in Aden once in seven years, and some of the oldest inhabitants declare that on one occasion the lapse between drouth and rain was but five years.

At six o'clock we sailed away with over two hundred enormous sacks of Indian mail stored away in our hold, transferred from the Bombay steamer. India must keep up

quite a lively correspondence with England.

If it hadn't been for that "following wind" our passage of the Red Sea would have been most comfortable. But that breeze pursued us—it never faced us—and not a breath of it did we get. However, this zephyr from the parched Arabian desert followed us but one day out of the three which the trip consumed, and with this exception we were as cool and comfortable as when sailing in the Indian Ocean.

We entered the Suez Canal late in the afternoon and at sunset passed the former residence of De Lesseps, the great French engineer to whose genius this waterway connecting Europe with the Orient is due. The once handsome home is quite deserted now. It stands on a height overlooking the canal and commanding a superb view.

Every steamer that passes through the canal must pay high into the thousands for the privilege. There is a toll of two dollars per capita for every man, woman and child on board, beside the tonnage tax which, at a rate not less than \$1.50 per ton, runs up into the tidy sum of \$15,000 for a 10,000-ton ship. That the Suez Canal has paid almost from the start goes without saying. Frank

G. Carpenter, the well-known traveler and newspaper correspondent, says:

“The last time I traversed the canal the steamer took eighteen hours and the charge for the ship was just about \$500 per hour. The stock is as high as anything sold in Wall street. The bulk of it is owned by Great Britain, and although the French nominally control the canal its real direction comes from John Bull. As it is now, no large block of the common stock appears to be owned by any individual or corporation or other government. John Bull is said to have a large majority of the whole, and the next shareholder in point of ownership is a Frenchman who has only a little more than 1500 shares out of the whole 400,000. As I remember it the British government bought 176,000 shares of the old Khedive, Ismail Pasha, getting the same through a loan of \$20,000,000, which was made by the Rothschilds originally, and finally turned over to the British government. That investment of \$20,000,000 was one of the best John Bull has ever made. The stock which he has bought is now worth more than \$150,000,000, and it has paid \$60,000,000 or \$70,000,000 in dividends.”

Cairo, City of Mosques, Minarets and Mosquitos.

As your train speeds away from Port Said out into the desert toward Cairo the clear, dry air comes as the breath of life to your nostrils after the sticky, humid heat of the Red Sea and the equatorial regions. After passing Ismalia on the Suez Canal, you leave the dry desert and your way lies through fields of golden grain, fertile meadows and growing gardens. Rows of stately eucalyptus trees, hedges of scarlet geraniums, oleander trees and moonflowers clambering riotously over palings surrounding the little railway stations bear striking resemblance to the vegetation of our own Southern California.

It is a four hours' ride from Port Said to Cairo—city of mosques and minarets, mummies and museums, camels and cafes, of the red fez and the mellow skies. The nights were cool and comfortable when we were there in late May, but at mid-day the thermometer climbed to eighty-seven degrees, and from that hour until three o'clock busi-

ness is practically suspended. Stores and offices close and apparently all Cairo sleeps: the camels doze in the shade and the Arab shop-keepers frequently lie, stretched at full length, in the doorways of their bazaars.

Cairo is afflicted with swarms of flies and mosquitoes, and no effort seems to be made to exclude them from buildings by means of screens. They wander in and out at their own sweet will. The beds in the hotels are provided with mosquito bars of fine netting which fall in ample folds about your couch, affording effectual protection while you sleep, providing you can dodge under when the mosquito isn't looking—otherwise he will accompany you and in the morning you will discover that he has been there from the print of his teeth in sundry and numerous places on your anatomy. Unlike the Jersey mosquito, the Cairo variety does not buzz; he is small; his bite is mild and modest, but nevertheless irritating.

There is a strange incongruous mingling of the modern and the ancient in this quaint old city of some 700,000 souls. You dream of the old Bible pictures you used to study on Sunday afternoons when you were a child. as you watch the water-carriers going about

the streets with jugs poised on their heads, or carrying a sheepskin filled with the water of the Nile. You notice mysteriously veiled Egyptian women slipping silently through the streets, and you see donkeys, their necks decorated with strings of gay beads, driven about attached to queer carts with huge wheels. There are bread sellers with big trays of the flat, round loaves resting on their heads; camels laden with freshly cut clover stride through the streets, and everywhere, as twilight falls, are outdoor cafes, with tables spread on the pavements and surrounded with Arabs, Bedouins, Copts—a medley of Oriental nationalities—each clad in his native costume. Practically all Cairo dines in the open. At Shepherd's Hotel we took all our meals in a half-enclosed porch, and some dined outside under the trees. You are served by picturesque Arab waiters, clad in white Turkish trousers, with gay scarlet jackets, Oriental sashes, a red fez on the head, and pointed Morocco sandals on the feet.

As you gaze at the ancient scenes in the streets of Cairo, suddenly a big motor car whizzes by, or a bicycle shoots past, or a modern victoria drawn by a splendid pair of

Arabian horses dashes along, and your dreams of ancient times are rudely dispelled and you are suddenly brought down to date, as it were.

Among the fascinations of Cairo, especially to feminine tourists, are the Turkish bazaars, where your soul revels in rich tapestries, glittering scarfs, scarabs, jewels and gorgeous Egyptian embroideries. The bazaar district, or "Mousky," extends for blocks along narrow streets with a mere ledge of a sidewalk. You are jostled by throngs of Arabs, Egyptians, veiled ladies, street peddlers, water carriers, donkeys, carriages, carts, goats and pedestrians of all classes and conditions of men and beasts.

The bazaars and shops present a tawdry front—like the cheap department stores at home—and you wonder if any good can possibly come out of this part of Egypt, but if you push your way past the rolls of carpet, the piles of rugs, and the hanging draperies into the shadowy depths of the interior, you come at last to the choicest goods—folded away on shelves behind the counters or shut up in boxes, drawers and cases. You sit on a divan and the display begins. Lovely scarfs, like silvery snakes, beautifully em-

broidered fabrics crusted with glittering scales are held up for your admiration. All the shop-keepers either speak English themselves or employ clerks who do. You know it was the Cairo merchant who placed over his door a sign reading: "I can speak English and understand American."

The best bazaars maintain a fixed price, and no amount of bantering moves the merchant. "Not one piastre less" is his slogan, and no sort of argument, persuasion or threat can move him to alter that fixed price.

"I'll give you one pound for these," said Peggy, as she piled up a beaded Egyptian scarf and a couple of embroidered pillow tops.

"One pound, sixpence," politely corrected the merchant.

"No—just one pound even—five dollars American money" persisted Peggy with true Yankee thrift—"that's only throwing off twelve cents."

But the merchant was obdurate. "Not a single half piastre less. It is our fixed price" he reiterated. Peggy was as independent as he was determined and so the bargain fell through—for that day. Next morning Peggy sent an ambassador to buy the goods,

thereby maintaining her dignity and securing the coveted merchandise.

The zoological gardens at Cairo have a perfect menagerie in captivity—a regular Barnum-Ringling-Forepaugh show combined. No trouble to keep up an animal exhibit in Africa. Just go out in the jungles and catch snakes or lasso lions, giraffes, tigers, elephants—any sort of animals you want.

In the great museum you will see more mummies, relics and prehistoric wonders than you ever dreamed of. Preserved Pharaohs abound and you will feel younger than you ever did before in your life—positively childish—as you gaze on their ancient, mummified features. You are doubly impressed too with the fact that “there’s nothing new under the sun” when you notice the leather-tired wheels of an old chariot, dating back almost B. C.—same style as our modern rubber tires.

“Well just look at that log cabin patchwork, will you?” exclaimed Peggy as she pointed to an exhibit a thousand or two years old in a glass case. Sure enough! There it was—same pattern our grandmothers originated (?) half a century ago.

You will want to spend one day visiting

the citadel, the mosque of Sultan Hassam and of Mohammed Pasha. Almost every guide has a different story to tell, and in most instances sacred and profane history are strangely mixed with myths and fairy tales, but each account is entertaining if not strictly authentic.

“This, ladies and gentlemen,” rattled on Mohammed Ahmed, our guide, “is the mosque built by Sultan Hassam over five hundred years ago from granite taken from the pyramids. It cost him five hundred sovereigns each and every day during the three years of its construction, and when it was completed he caused the hands of the architects to be cut off so that the mosque could never be duplicated.”

The principal object in life among these Egyptian ancients appears to have been the rearing of mosques and monuments to perpetuate their memory after death, and a real rivalry existed as to which could do the most original and unusual thing.

We came to another—a magnificent mosque which crowns a height overlooking the entire city, and built of solid alabaster.

“This,” said Mohammed, “is the famous

mosque built by Mohammed Pasha, the first Khedive who ruled over Egypt."

The interior is grand and beautiful beyond description. The huge dome-like roof rises over an unpillared and apparently unsupported oval auditorium of tremendous size and absolutely devoid of any furnishings save the rich, crimson Persian velvet carpets on the floor and the splendid chandeliers glittering with hundreds of prisms which catch and reflect the light of row upon row of great electric arc lights which encircle the interior.

Only once a year, when the present Khedive comes to worship, is this mosque illuminated and thrown open to the general public—otherwise you must visit it in the daytime and let your imagination supply the magnificent vision of lights which flood the whole with a brilliant glory.

In a room at one side is the splendid marble sarcophagus of Mohammed Pasha which we gaze at through the carved apertures of the partition which separates it from the main rotunda of the mosque.

Egypt is the land of the fez. All the men wear the red fez with its black tassel, and the fierce Cairo sun beats upon their

swarthy faces, unprotected by hat brim, till you wonder how they endure it. Nevertheless, they look picturesque in their cardinal caps and full Turkish trousers.

Passing the Pyramids.

You approach the Pyramids from Cairo by trolley—which sort of knocks the poetry out of the proposition at the first stroke and reduces it to prose. It seems almost uncanny to journey to these ancient piles by so modern a method and you wonder, rather uneasily, what the Pharaohs would say.

You spin along for seven or eight miles through an avenue luxuriantly lined with graceful lubek trees, which resemble our American locusts. When about half way out you catch your first glimpse of the grim, gaunt monuments rising from the rim of the desert.

Like most celebrated objects, the pyramids are disappointing at first glance—perhaps because you expect so much—but as you draw nearer you are more and more impressed with their magnitude, and in the end you are thoroughly thrilled.

The moment you step from the car you are surrounded by a throng of dragomen and donkey-boys, all clamoring for “back-sheesh” and patronage. Our guide vigor-

ously plied his stick right and left, as if he were fighting a swarm of bees, and quickly negotiated for camels, for we were determined to do the proper stunt and ride the hurricane deck of these ships of the desert.

My particular beast rejoiced in the kingly name of Rameses I. He had a three-cornered patch—exactly the shape of a pyramid—on the tattered and seamy skin of his long neck. However, it had been neatly darned and felled down so it did not interfere seriously with the majestic and dignified appearance of Rameses. I observed also that he had that same half-querulous, half-sardonic smile which someone has mentioned as invariably curling the upper lip of the camel—a sort of scornful curve that makes you feel as if he were laughing at you.

“Is—is—he—gentle?” I cautiously asked the Arab in charge.

“Oh yes, Madame, dis dromedary, he belong to de Sheik of de pyramids” was the reassuring reply as he made a hissing sound to indicate to Rameses that he was expected to come down to earth. He tapped him gently at the same time on the nose, and Rameses began to undouble.

He folded up like a patent jackknife. First

he took his front legs down in sections, groaning dismally all the time, and then, by a series of gradual evolutions, his forward mast, so to speak, came within hailing distance. After that he arranged his rear by a similar performance till his whole hurricane deck was within climbing reach.

The Arab seized me about the waist and gently hoisted me to Rameses' hump. With chattering teeth, and chills chasing up and down my spinal column, I settled myself in the saddle, desperately grasping both its horns while the Arab placed my foot in the stirrup.

"Don't let him get up yet" I begged as I breathed a prayer to Allah, "Hold onto him—I'm not ready."

"Lean forward" was the stern command, and I convulsively clutched Rameses' scarred and seamed neck, shut my eyes tight, and prepared for the worst. I heard that mysterious hissing sound, and simultaneously I began to rise in the world. I recollect a dim, shuddering sense of sweeping through the air at an angle of forty-five degrees, of hearing a voice say, "Now lean forward," of being tossed higher yet and in a distinctly opposite direction as Rameses

unfolded his hind legs and stood upright. I felt myself moving through space with a gentle, rocking motion, and when I had courage to open my eyes I beheld below me the landscape and the diminutive figures of Arabs and countless donkey boys yelling at and pelting Rameses in the endeavor to induce him to move faster, but he continued to plod majestically along with me perched on his hump.

The other members of my party had successfully mounted the relatives of Rameses and we made a rather imposing procession as we swung chaotically past the pyramids and out beyond the sphinx.

“What happened to her nose?” asked Peggy, indicating the olfactory organ of this stone lady as we gazed at her lofty features.

“Emperor Napoleon, he knock it off,” was the solemn response of the dragoman. “He very bad man. He use mosques for stables.”

In defense of this libelous slander of the great French general it is but justice to observe that the elements are quite likely responsible for the snubbed nose of the sphinx, for wind and weather affect first the most prominent features of these stone monu-

ments. The various interpretations given by different dragomen are interesting and diversifying.

The Port of Palestine.

We sailed from Port Said at 4 o'clock one afternoon across a corner of the Mediterranean to Jaffa—the ancient Joppa—which is the southern port of Palestine, arriving there at dawn next morning.

Nowhere in all our travels, did we meet with such a public reception as at Jaffa. It was barely sunrise when our ship dropped anchor before the rocky and threatening entrance to the Holy Land, and in no time the decks of the little steamer were literally swarming with a motley multitude of Arabs, Syrians, Philistines, Turks, Moabites, Judeans, Cook's guides and every Oriental nation, all jabbering and gesticulating and crowding about, eager to secure our patronage in the landing boats.

Many of the passengers were not yet out of their cabins, but the curious collection of yelling, struggling humanity crowded the passages and assembled in front of closed cabin doors ready to seize the victim when he should appear. They persisted in their attentions, and although we told them in

every language we could command, and also by pantomime, that we were not yet ready to go ashore, that we had not breakfasted, that as the steamer would lie there all day and the train for Jerusalem did not leave till afternoon there was no possible reason for such unseemly haste—it was all in vain.

They talked some more, and then they gesticulated a lot, and then, when we remained obdurate, they sat down on the floor, or leaned against the deck railing, or pasted themselves against the walls—and waited, persistently, patiently, and steadfastly. We ignored their very presence—and were reminded of it by an occasional touch on the arm, or pull of the dress when they would point insinuatingly to the row boats lined up against the steamer's side.

We had read and heard of the perils of landing at Jaffa before we left home. We had been told about the swaying rope ladders down which we would have to descend from the steamer to the rocking egg-shells below manned by brawny Arabs. We had been informed about the old lady who had died from seasickness while the steamer tossed there for three days waiting for the waves to still

sufficiently to permit passengers to embark in the landing boats.

Therefore we were prepared for the worst. I had left my precious aluminum typewriter safely stored in the custom house at Port Said, fearing the effects of a salt water bath on its mechanism. We had arrayed ourselves in rain coats, and we wore rubbers.

It happened however, that we were like a very small man with a very large breath trying to blow out a candle that wasn't lighted—for we met with no adventures. We quietly walked down the steamer stairs, stepped into a big rowboat, and were swiftly pulled ashore over a sea so smooth that scarcely a ripple wrinkled its surface. Nothing more thrilling happened than the dropping overboard of Peggy's parasol, which slipped out of her hand.

Nevertheless, from the well authenticated tales of other travelers, I have reason to believe that we were especially favored by Providence. The big, grim, seaweed-covered rocks which rise menacingly from the water, giving but a single narrow gateway for the boats to pass through, indicate how perilous the passage would be in rough weather. Speaking from the standpoint of an Amer-

ican, I wonder why the government over there does not put down some dynamite and blow up those rocks and thus form a safe harbor.

Jaffa is picturesquely situated on ground that rises abruptly from the shore and overlooks the sparkling waters of the Mediterranean. It is full of Bible associations—as are all places in Palestine. The best possible guide to the Holy Land is your Bible. If you do not know it well, you miss the sacred sentiment of the journey as well as its authoritative history. It is here at Jaffa you recall that a thousand years before the birth of Christ, Hiram, King of Tyre, shipped to this ancient port of Joppa the cedar wood from Lebanon to build Solomon's temple at Jerusalem. You stand upon the flat roof of the house located on the spot where Simon the tanner lived when Peter had his famous vision; you visit the tomb of Dorcas encircled by orange orchards.

The train from Jaffa to Jerusalem runs at a speed of a mile every five minutes so you have ample time to view the scenery. You cross the plain of Sharon, its fields gay with wild flowers, and you recall that it was in this valley that the flower of chivalry, the

gallant Crusaders, fought. Yonder, your guide points out Timmath, where Samson set fire to the Philistines' corn, and a little farther on is the cave where he hid after Delilah the first woman barber that history records—cut his hair.

Passing the fertile plains, the train climbs higher into the heart of the hills, winding through picturesque gorges and crossing the boundaries of the land of the Philistines into Judea. You note the stony character of the soil. Such a crop of rocks and stones you never beheld. The whole landscape for miles and miles, looks like the rocky bed of a river with no sign of vegetation anywhere, save here and there a little patch of soil where grain is growing. In the country all roundabout Jerusalem you observe this and you understand how apt was the illustration of the Great Teacher when He spoke of seed falling among stones and withering away. Indeed, as you travel through Palestine you are more and more impressed with the simplicity of His teachings, and realize how He drew His most powerful parables and illustrations from the familiar scenes which His disciples beheld every day. There are more blind people in Jerusalem than in any other

place I have seen and the miracle of healing this affliction was therefore only another instance of the practical teachings of the Savior of mankind. The glaring light falling on the barren ground and stony soil of rock and limestone, the constant clouds of dust filling the air, and the crowded and filthy conditions of living all tend toward eye disease.

On our way up the steep hills just outside the walls of Jerusalem are fields of thistles, and not far away, orchards of fig trees. How very natural for Jesus, as He walked that way with His disciples, to comment on the fact—"Can men grow figs of thistles?" and also to call attention to the barren fig trees about.

In the walls round about Jerusalem are numerous narrow doors known as the "needle's eye" where, in ancient times officials were admitted at night after the gates were closed. You at once see how hard it would be for a camel to enter one of these gates—though not wholly impossible, if he meet two conditions—he must drop his load and bend the knees in order to enter in. You at once see the parallel of conditions laid by

Christ upon the entrance to the kingdom of Heaven.

You find a new and modern Jerusalem built up outside the walls of the ancient city and you are perhaps surprised to find here the most comfortable and home-like hotel accommodations you have struck since leaving America. A German and his half dozen strong sons and daughters have kept this hostelry for years. The American Consul sits at a table near your own and you find the hotel thronged with American tourists. The fare is excellent and the price moderate.

Nearly all the sacred spots connected with the birth, life and death of our Savior are covered with memorial churches. The supposed site of Calvary (which, by the way, is a disputed point, many Biblical scholars believing that the Gordon Tomb and Golgotha hill near by is the actual spot where Christ was crucified and buried, and which was discovered a few years ago by General Gordon) and the tomb are within the walls of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, which belongs to various sects—Mohammedans, Armenians and Roman Catholics—each of which has its particular spot in which to worship and so antagonistic is the ecclesiastical feel-

ing that armed guards are stationed here and there, notably in the church at Bethlehem which marks the spot where Christ was born.

Every doorway in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, leading to a sacred site, is cut so low in the stone wall that everyone, be he Jew, Gentile, Christian or heretic, is forced to bend the knee and bow the head in order to enter. You climb the steep stone steps to the site of Calvary, above which is suspended a life-sized painting of Christ on the cross. You put your eye to a small aperture and see, through a glass, a bit of granite which you are told is the top of Calvary.

You bow your head and bend your knee to enter the enclosure of His tomb, covered with alabaster, where you find devout pilgrims kneeling and pressing their lips to the anointing stone which symbolizes the spot where His body was anointed for burial.

Without the church, in the square, open court, squatted on the stone floor, are bead-sellers, with candles and rosaries, and natives sit smoking their curious pipes—"nargillas," they are called—the pipe being connected by a long rubber tube with a long-necked bottle half filled with water. The

nicotine passes through the water which renders it less harmful, our guide explained. The picturesque smokers sit, Turk fashion, drawing tranquilly on these curious pipes and watching the water bubble in the bottle into which, with a curious artistic sense, they have placed a few flowers—carnations or roses.

The most superb view of Jerusalem is from the Mount of Olives, whither we went one afternoon by donkey back, going outside the city walls and climbing by a circuitous route to the heights of Olivet, from the other side of which burst upon our vision a view extending over miles and miles of Palestine and including the Dead Sea and the River Jordan—more than twenty miles away—and the Moabite mountains beyond in all their lovely blue lights and shadows. Turning toward the city you behold Jerusalem, and like a flash there comes to your mind Christ's words of sorrow as He gazed over the proud, beautiful city and said: "Oh, Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how often would I have gathered thy children together, as a hen doth gather her brood under her wings, and ye would not."

Going down from Olivet, you may return

to Jerusalem by way of the Garden of Gethsemane and thence climb the steep hill to the Jews' Wailing Place where every Friday afternoon Jews and Rabbis congregate to wail over the loss of Jerusalem. It is a pathetic scene—the mournful cries of old men, middle-aged men, and even little boys brought there by their fathers to take part in the dismal ceremony, wailing and knocking their heads against the wall as they pray for the restoration of Jerusalem.

A writer in the Travel Handbook says: "People talk of the noise, dirt, and squalor of Jerusalem, and it may be true enough as applied to the lanes and bazaars of the Moslem quarter, which are as filthy and malodorous as those of Tangier or Constantinople. But there are parts of it which suggest the purlieus of an old cathedral or university town. Cool, paved lanes, running past quiet convent gardens, a yellow wall, with its crumbling tower and over-branching palm, silhouetted against the intense blue of the sky, stretches of lonely waste, overgrown cactus and prickly pear, and surrounded by high-walled buildings with quaint, fretted wooden lattices, glimpses of cloisters with faded Byzantine pictures on the walls,—all

these details go to make up the wistful charm which, scarcely felt perhaps at first, grows on one more and more as one surrenders to its influence."

The most beautiful building in all Jerusalem is the Mosque of Omar with its dome of exquisite blue tiles, where you will be escorted by a representative of your own government and a Turkish officer.

Jerusalem to Jericho.

If you do not believe that Jericho is a hard road to travel, just you try it—as we did, on a day when the thermometer at Jericho registered 124 degrees in the shade — and there wasn't much shade either, except under the boughs of the great oleander tree that grows in the courtyard of the hotel.

The whole twenty miles from Jerusalem to Jericho lies over the stoniest, rockiest road imaginable, much of it cut through solid limestone. It winds over steep hills and down declivities into deep valleys that intervene in the wilderness between the two cities. You make a drop of half a mile all told before you reach the shore of the Dead Sea—that stagnant body of bitter water that lies in the lowest rift of the earth's crust lighted by the sun. Its waters are so impregnated with salt that if you evaporate four bottles of it you will get one bottle of salt. Under the rays of the hot Assyrian sun it is estimated that 10,000,000 tons of water go up by evaporation every twenty-four hours.

The morning sun was just touching the towers and domes of Jerusalem as our carriage, drawn by three horses, drove away from the hotel and skirted the walls of the city, turning off near the Tomb of Absalom and so across the slope of Mount Olivet to Bethany where our guide pointed out the site of the home of Mary and Martha and Lazarus. We corkscrewed down the steep descent past the Apostles' Spring, so named because it is the spot where Jesus and His apostles used to stop on the weary journey from Jerusalem to Jericho—the last spring of pure water in the wilderness that stretches between.

The trip to Jericho occupies five hours, and although somewhat tedious, is full of keenest interest. Here and there, hidden away in the cleft of the hills, or in the deep canyons that gash the wilderness, are lonely monasteries, their dome-like towers rising like solitary temples in the waste of solitude. The wayside inn, on the site where the Good Samaritan rescued "that certain man who went down from Jerusalem to Jericho and fell among thieves" is the half-way resting place for modern pilgrims crossing the wilderness.

You meet bands of Russian pilgrims going up to Jerusalem—men, women and children—riding donkeys and on foot, and you pass groups of armed Arabs and Bedouins driving herds of camels or donkeys. Occasionally you come to a small oasis in the desert of the wilderness, where a typical Bible harvest scene is spread before your eyes—men and women cutting the grain with sickles and binding it into sheaves.

The road at last plunges precipitously down a steep incline into Jericho and your carriage rolls over a modern cement bridge crossing the bed of a stream. You are glad to stop for rest and refreshment at a Jericho hotel before pressing on to the Dead Sea and River Jordan some six miles farther. You are taken to that spot on the banks of the Jordan where Jesus was baptized by John and you go to the site of the ancient city of Jericho, a couple of miles or so beyond the modern city, and see fragments of the walls around which Joshua and his hosts marched.

We spent the night in Jericho—a practically sleepless one on account of the great heat and a high wind which arose about midnight and blew with great violence. We arose at two a. m., breakfasted, and started

on the return trip to Jerusalem at three o'clock in order to accomplish the hardest part of the journey before the sun rose.

One afternoon we drove from Jerusalem to Bethlehem—about an hour's ride—passing the site of the tomb of Rachel where “she was buried in the way to Ephrath, which is Bethlehem.” It is said that there is no doubt whatever that this site, which is revered by Christians and Moslems, as well as by Jews, is the scene of the touching death of Rachel. We remember too, that it was in the surrounding fields that Ruth gleaned after the reapers, and it was through them that the sorrow-stricken Naomi returned. It was upon one of these hills that David kept his father's sheep, and it was among the glens and valleys that first rang out those glorious Psalms which have echoed down through the centuries. It was here, on these hills, that the shepherds, while watching their flocks by night, received the “tidings of great joy,” and it was here that took place the supreme event which made Bethlehem a household word. It may be that over this same road you are traveling, the three wise men journeyed, following the star in the east that should show the birth-place of the Savior of the world.

The site of the inn and the cave where Christ was born is covered by the Church of the Nativity. We were given lighted tapers and conducted down the stone steps leading to the Chapel of the Nativity. A silver star marks the spot where the Savior was born, above which sixteen silver lamps are perpetually burning. A little beyond, and at one side, is the supposed site of the manger where He was laid. You find armed soldiers constantly on guard to prevent open warfare between different religious factions. A service was going on in the church when we were there and a procession of singers entered the chapel, kneeling and burning incense before the sacred shrines.

Europe, the World's Playground

Back to Port Said from Palestine and a swift three-day trip across the Mediterranean to Brindisi in the heel of Italy's boot brought us into Europe.

"No wonder St. Paul sent for his overcoat," observed Peggy, as she shivered and snuggled into her steamer rug as we swept past the Island of Crete in a stiff gale that churned the blue waters of the Mediterranean into a rolling sea. We were on board the fast mail ship "Osiris," and she sped over the waves like a great white bird.

It is a full day's ride by rail from Brindisi to Naples and the road follows the line of the ancient Appian Way over which Horace followed in the famous journey so graphically described in one of his satires. In those days Brindisi was an important place, for it was the Roman point of departure for Greece and the Far East.

After the stony, bare and treeless plains of Palestine, the fertile fields and vineyards, the orchards and gardens of sunny Italy

seemed like a modern Eden. Wild poppies stained the meadows blood-red. Lilacs, Cherokee roses and lovely wild flowers carpeted the landscape and it was literally frescoed with grape vines festooned from tree to tree. Every foot of land is intensively cultivated. Vineyards and olive orchards climb precipitous hillsides, reach down into canyons and stretch over miles and miles of level land. You see orange orchards with grape vines trellised from tree to tree, and potatoes, corn and beans—regular succotash gardens—growing between.

The railway has a splendid roadbed, and the express train keeps up a rattling rate of speed, darting through tunnels as you near Naples and coming out to lovelier vistas and more charming views each time. The chief glory of Naples is its bay which dents the Italian shore in a deep horseshoe with lovely Sorrento perched on the steep cliffs at one end of the curve, and the Island of Capri and its famous Blue Grotto lying just within the outstretched arms of land. You visit Pompeii—that wonderful dead city which has been designated as the most amazing spectacle in all Italy. As we wandered through the silent streets between stark,

staring walls on a bright June day, one could never dream that the fair Vesuvius looming against the blue sky with never a cloud or vapor veiling its face smiling in the summer sun could belch forth such fire and flood of lava streams and work such awful destruction.

In Rome you are simply saturated with museums and mosaics, pictures and paintings, churches, cathedrals, cloisters and catacombs, frescoes and facades and friezes, shrines, basilicas and tombs—in short with the art, antiquity and architecture of this fascinating city. You get to feeling positively moldy, and musty, and cobwebby, for most things date from the fifteenth century and run back from that to the days of Nero.

You can go to a different church in Rome every one of the 365 days in a year, and then there will be fifteen that you have not seen. Of these 380 churches, all but five are Roman Catholic. Just the fountains of Rome are worthy of a chapter to themselves. They play on every square and corner. All Rome is not an antique ruin however. Not far from a fragment of the wall built by Marcus Aurelius in the year 70 A. D. is the most modern and down-to-date tiled street tunnel.

through which double-decked trolley cars spin beneath its vaulted ceiling set solidly with white porcelain tiles.

Florence, sitting like a fair queen on the banks of the Arno, with picturesque hills rising on all sides, is truly the Flower City of Italy. She holds you captive by her many-sided charms—her wealth of literary associations, her great art galleries, her fascinating gardens and delightful villas.

Venice, with its wonderful sea lanes, its gondolas gliding like great black swans under the picturesque bridges; its palaces of curious architecture; its festa days and gala nights, is the dream city of all Europe.

Milan, with its marvelous cathedrals and its famous fresco of The Last Supper, lies in your pathway from Venice to the Italian lakes which lie like scattered turquoises among the enchanting mountains of Northern Italy, and through them is the gateway into Switzerland—the Garden of the gods.

When you visit Lucerne do not fail to go to the cathedral and hear the great organ played by a musician who is the greatest genius of his kind. Every afternoon at six o'clock an organ recital is given, and every tourist in Lucerne makes it a point to attend

at least once and always to remain quite to the end of the hour allotted, for the final number is "The Storm." By the wonderful harmonies you are literally carried on its wings. First the birds carol, then the wind rises, gradually growing into a tempest that shrieks and howls and whistles till you positively shiver in your pew. Then the rain begins to fall, first a gentle patter, which increases to a perfect deluge and beats against the windows and pounds the roof. The thunder mutters and grows louder till it comes, crash after crash in deafening tones, and the quick, staccato flashes of lightning play between the peals. By and by the storm begins to die away, the rain gradually ceases, the rolls of thunder become less frequent, the wind sobs itself to sleep, the birds commence to chirp, and then to softly sing—and you awake from your musical trance to wonder at the genius which invoked this mystic melody from the keys of an organ.

Probably the aeroplane will eventually solve the problem of scaling the Alps, but in the meantime aerial navigators have not been asleep, and the latest device to date is that of swinging a huge basket that holds

twenty people over the Grindelwald glacier, on a wire suspended from the Wetterhorn.

From rolling in a 'riksha in Japan, teetering in a sedan chair in Hong Kong, swaying on the back of a camel in Cairo, jolting donkey-back through the stony streets of Jerusalem, climbing the Alps by tram, by funicular, by cog-wheel, by rack-and-pinion railways, or floating in a gondola through the water-ways of Venice, this swinging out into space in a basket suspended on a wire cobweb rather beats them all for thrills.

In Switzerland, mountain railways literally gridiron the Alps. At night, from Lucerne, from Interlaken, or from any one of the dozens of resorts on these lovely Swiss lakes, you can see twinkling from the heights of the mountains around the lights of scores of hotels, topping some of the loftiest peaks.

The Swiss railways issue tickets good for fifteen or thirty days at greatly reduced rates, whereby the purchaser may travel continuously over any line of railway or steamers during that period. One may literally live en route if he chooses, for there is no limit to the number of trips. The photograph of the purchaser is pasted inside the

book-ticket as a means of identification, and the conductor or captain merely glances at it to make sure that the proper person is traveling on it.

"This ticket cost me just nine dollars in our money," I heard an American remark on a steamer on Lake Brienz. "My wife has one like it and for fifteen days we have been traveling all over Switzerland."

The Swiss people understand how to make their scenic attractions pay. Every gorge and waterfall has its price. It costs you half a franc to see the Trummelbach Falls at Lauterbrunnen, and a similar admission fee to gaze on the glories of the Gorge of the Lutschine at Grindelwald. Our American Consul stated in a speech delivered at a banquet in Lucerne while we were there, that the greatest imports in Switzerland are Americans with their pockets full of money, and the greatest exports from the republic are these same Americans with empty purses.

However, Americans are glad to pay the price, for it is well worth while to look upon these stupendous glories of nature. We entered Switzerland by way of the Italian Lakes, coming from Lake Como across to

Lake Lugano on a funny little tram whose engine puffed and panted over the steep road that wound in and out among the mountains, giving us glimpses of the most charming views. At Lugano we boarded the through express train for Lucerne, via the St. Gothard tunnel nine miles long, which we entered in sunshine and made our exit at the other end in a pouring rain—a condition which the Swiss people told me always prevails—if the rain falls on one side of the tunnel, the sun is pretty sure to be shining on the other side.

One is constantly tempted to deal in superlatives in speaking of the scenery along these picturesque routes through the heart of the Alps, or in crossing the Appennines from Florence to Venice where the railway passes through half a hundred tunnels in uninterrupted succession from the valley of the Arno to the fertile Tuscany plains. You swing from galleries, viaducts and bridges, and skirt embankments and precipices continually. The railways of Italy and Switzerland have a habit of burrowing underground, even when not piercing mountains, you will notice. The railway which enters Lucerne passes almost completely under the city and

around the head of the lake coming up to the surface on the other side. This is done to preserve the lovely lake front with its quay and wide promenade overhung with great horse chestnut trees. Here is a hint for American cities, many of which are made smoky and ugly by a network of railroad tracks across what might otherwise be a beauty spot. In foreign cities where natural beauty is appreciated, the railroads have the subway habit.

When you visit Germany do not pass by Oberammergau, whether it be the year of the great Passion Play or not. Every summer these wonderful peasant artists enact some sort of religious play, and the associations and placid beauty of this village hidden away in the Bavarian Alps is well worth a visit. You will want to drive out to the castle at Linderhof where lived the mad King Ludwig, whose strange, sad history is so interwoven with these peasant people who idolized him.

Nuremberg will fascinate you with its delightful, many-windowed roofs, its beautiful bridges, and fountains, and picturesque towers. Be sure and patronize the famous Bratwurst Glocklein and eat weiners hot

from the coals and real German sauer kraut, and imagine that Durer, and Visscher and their artist confreres of centuries ago whose portraits smile down upon you, are sitting there beside you at the queer little tables, as they did in the long ago.

After you have traversed the length and breadth of Germany, have sailed down the castled Rhine and wandered through Holland and Belgium and through France and into gay Paris and have visited all the other European places your itinerary calls for, and you at length land on English soil, I venture to say that never in all the world before has the mother tongue sounded so good to your American ears, in place of all this foreign chatter. It will seem good—unspeakably good—to be able to make yourself at once understood when you give directions about your baggage without the effort of gesticulation, pantomimic performances and grappling with French, German, Italian and other unknown languages.

My first impression of London as the train from Dover entered the suburbs was—chimneys. They seemed to protrude everywhere. Every house in London, large or small, has at least half a dozen chimneys

—tile-like affairs set in rows along the big, brick chimney that dominates the roof.

I met an English woman in Paris who was kind enough to coach me a little in regard to her native city.

“You’ll have no difficulty in getting about in London” she assured me, “just ask the policemen. They always know everything and you’ll find them very obliging and polite.”

She was quite right. The London policeman may not always be a scholar in the broad sense of the word, but he is invariably a gentleman, and his knowledge concerning the greatest city on earth is practically limitless. You usually find him standing on the stone oasis in the middle of the street crossing. He is a perfect autocrat when it comes to controlling street traffic. His uplifted hand has power to bring to an abrupt halt an omnibus, a carriage, an automobile, a tram car, a pedestrian, an alderman, the Lord-Mayor, or the King’s guard itself. There are only about 20,000 of these guardians of the public peace in London, and they manage to keep its 7,500,000 inhabitants in a tolerable state of safety. They guard a

territory of some seven hundred square miles.

It's rather appalling when you start out on your first tour of London to be told by your guide that it covers twenty miles from north to south, and seventeen miles from east to west, and that there is not a person living who can say that he has seen all of London, for no human being has yet accomplished the job. There are as many people living in London as there are in all the Dominion of Canada. Just the water mains of the city if stretched in a straight line end to end, would reach from there to New York and back again to Liverpool. If we could put all the water Londoners consume in a year into a canal two hundred feet wide and twenty feet deep, it would reach six hundred miles—as far as from Shanghai to Hankow, or from New York to Cleveland, or from San Diego to San Francisco.

You will notice at once that London is left-handed. Posted up in the middle of all the principal streets in conspicuous places you will see signs reading "Keep to the left." All vehicles observe this rule and all passing pedestrians. The omnibuses halt on the left-hand corner also.

The parks are the lungs of London and there are more than a hundred of these breathing spots. You motor through Richmond Park when you go out to Hampton Court, following winding roads beneath the shade of great oaks a century old under which herds of deer are feeding. Beverly Brook flows through this splendid principality of 22,000 acres which belongs to the crown and is the royal hunting ground.

In Paris one is impressed with the memorials to Napoleon Bonaparte, with his magnificent tomb under the golden dome of Des Invalides, and the numerous memorial monuments and arches placed in his honor along the parks and boulevards. In London you are continually reminded of great literary lights—of Dickens and Thackeray, of George Eliot and Charles Reade, of Dr. Johnson and hosts of others.

There's Piccadilly and Mayfair and Saffron Hill with its memories of *Oliver Twist*; there's Disraeli's birthplace and Garrick's home, and Washington Irving's "*Little Britain*"; there are the homes of Reynolds and Sir Isaac Newton; there are recollections of Nell Gwynne, of Swan Walk and Mr. Pepys of *Vanity Fair*, and there's the Old

Curiosity Shop standing on a corner—now a picture shop where you go to prowls about.

The old names of London streets are a study in themselves. Milton was born in Bread street, and Sir Thomas Moore close by in Milk street. There's Pudding Lane and Poultry street which opens into Duck-foot Lane. There's Leather street too, and this quaint old custom harks back to the time when it was the habit to name streets according to the business carried on in them. One knew exactly where the bakers and butchers and shoemakers were by the name of the street or lane.

Money the World Around.

Talk about the mysteries of the stock exchange. They are as nothing compared with the reduction of our American dollars and dimes into yen, sen, rin and heaven knows what other denominations.

There is always a rate of exchange exacted, and in the course of a journey through the Orient or through Europe where the money changes in every country you are surprised to see how much is eaten up in the mere exchange from one currency into another. The tale is told of a traveler who left Singapore with \$100 Mexican as a surplus in his pocket and by the time he reached Peking the whole amount was reduced to four dollars just by the mere matter of transition from the coin of one realm into that of another.

Really one needs to be a fairly good arithmetician to travel the world around and keep accurate track of this conversion of dollars and cents into yen and sen, rupees and piastres, lira and francs, marks and pfennige, shillings and pence.

When you reach Japan you feel rather rich to find that one dollar of your money is worth two of theirs, and the same condition prevails in China where the Mexican dollar is the standard. Down in Ceylon you reach the land of the rupee and you discover that it takes three of these silver coins about the size of our fifty-cent piece to make a dollar in our money. Your hotel bills in Cairo will be made out with the piastre—its value is five cents in our money—as a basis. At first glance you are rather appalled to see the total summed up in three figures, but reassured when you realize that it is in nickels and not dollars.

In the Orient, prices at the best hotels average about \$3.50 per day, United States money, while at excellent European pensions and some of the most comfortable hotels you may find good accommodations at from \$1.50 to \$2 per day. In Jerusalem we found a delightful hotel at \$2.50 per day. In the best hotels in Shanghai there is a uniform price for laundry—five sen (two and one-half cents) per article, be it a handkerchief, an embroidered petticoat, or a pleated shirt waist—and it is beautifully done. On the contrary, I paid in Cairo

twenty-four piastres (\$1.20) for the laundering of a shirt waist — and it was very indifferently done, limp and quite guiltless of starch, and from its general appearance of lassitude and frailty I suspected that the washboard used was the bed of stones on the borders of the Nile.

In China you never know from one day to the next exactly what your good American dollar is worth, for the rate of exchange varies from day to day. Every morning there is posted up in a conspicuous place in your hotel a bulletin stating the rate of exchange for that day. It is well, before you start out on a shopping trip in the Orient, to go to a bank, steamship company or reliable tourist agency and get your bills of large denomination changed into small coins to avoid the necessity of accepting much change in the shops, otherwise you run a risk of getting a lot of counterfeit money.

And this matter of counterfeit money is one that you must watch the world around. When we reached Naples, Italy was struggling with a mass of counterfeit coins in the shape of the 20-centime piece (equal to four cents United States money) and

which corresponds in their ratio to the American nickel. The Italian government had issued a quantity of these coins to the value of 10,000,000 francs some years before, and it had been discovered that between 30,000,000 and 40,000,000 francs were then in circulation in the shape of these coins—all the overplus being counterfeit. An edict was issued recalling all these coins and published in the Italian papers, but tourists not familiar with that language or the coins were naturally the sufferers, as the natives “unloaded” those 20-centime pieces without mercy on the strangers within their gates. I had something like three dozen of them on hand when we awoke to the game, but I managed to get rid of them by judicious shopping, tendering two or three of the suspicious coins for each bill of goods and utterly refusing to accept the goods at all unless the coins were recognized at their full value as part payment. Since the government would be forced to eventually accept them, no merchant with whom I dealt in Sorrento or Naples could quite bring himself to sacrifice a sale which perhaps totaled several lire for the sake of discarding a few of the

centime pieces. In this way I turned to account my whole stock of 20-centime pieces and accepted no more unless they were of the bright, new coinage fresh from the mint that was busy turning out good coins to take the place of the old ones.

In Italy, Switzerland, Belgium and France you reckon with the lire or franc—each worth twenty cents in United States money—as a basis; in Germany, Denmark, Norway and Sweden, it is the mark or crown, value about twenty-five cents; in Egypt and Turkey, the piastre, value five cents, is your standard of valuation; in Spain the peseta, value twenty cents; in Holland the florin, value forty cents. When you reach England, bear in mind that, whereas your American dollar was worth two in the native cash of the Far East, the reverse is true here concerning your shillings and pence. Otherwise you may overestimate the purchasing power of your money and be somewhat surprised when the clerk in the London shop returns your change and you realize that the English shilling means the American quarter.

Letters of credit through your home bank, or travelers' checks in denomina-

tions of \$50 or \$25, issued by banks, international express companies, tourist agencies or steamship lines are always available and are safe and convenient ways of carrying funds.

Tips and Tipping.

If you ask the average traveler what are the most prolific sources of annoyance en tour, I venture to say that nine out of every ten will reply, "Baggage and tips."

The term "Tip," I understand, originated from a custom of English waiters in cafes and restaurants who placed boxes at the entrance labeled "**T**o **I**nure **P**romptness," into which coins were dropped by patrons who wished to secure prompt attention—and were willing to pay extra for it. The initial letters of this significant phrase form the magic word.

The protests that have arisen, long, loud and emphatic, from American tourists against the custom of tipping have resulted in the doing away with the custom entirely in at least one London hotel and I believe in several Parisian hostehries. Nevertheless, this custom, introduced, it must be remembered, and fostered by the Americans themselves, bids fair to die hard. At Shepherd's Hotel in Cairo the raft of attendants who always line up to speed the

parting guest have been dubbed the "Shepherd's flock" by a humorous tourist. The morning we left, after a week's stay at this famous hostelry, we passed through a double line of expectant Arabs and Bedouins ranged on the piazza. Some of them we had never seen, and most of them had not rendered us the slightest service, but there they stood with eager, expectant faces, as relentless and stolid as the Pyramids themselves.

In Jerusalem the problem of tips was solved in this wise: Posted on the door of your room was a printed notice to the effect that no tips were allowed in that hotel, as all the employees received fixed salaries and any one of them detected in the act of accepting a tip would be summarily discharged. Our spirits rose. Ah! Here in the Holy Land it seemed the tourist met with Christian consideration. The nuisance of distributing piastres and pence right and left was done away with.

But hold on! Read the notice a little farther: "Ten per cent of your hotel bill will be added to your account in lieu of tips." This was an ingenious way of keeping the fees in the hands of the proprietor.

He wasn't a Yankee either, but a thrifty German. On our way down the Rhine to Cologne we stopped over night at a hotel in Mainz. We left by the first steamer next morning. I paused at the desk and asked the concierge for my bill. With a flourish he replied, "Your account is being made out this instant."

One would have thought from the ceremony that the bill of a few marks for a night's lodging and breakfast would be an itemized account involving expert book-keeping. After waiting so long that I feared I would miss the boat the concierge announced, "Your bill is ready, Madame," indicating with a wave of the hand some personage in my rear. I turned and beheld a dapper young fellow, gotten up in togs fit for a courtier. He held in his hand a big billhead, which he presented to me with a flourish. Stamped conspicuously in one corner, in large purple type, was the reminder, "Tips are not included in this bill"—and the young man stood there with outstretched hands.

Outside was the porter standing guard over my suitcase; the head waiter held my umbrella which I had momentarily set

down by the desk; the two "boots" were fighting for the possession of my typewriter case, and the "lift" boy was trying to relieve me of my hand bag, while the smiling concierge stood waiting to bid me a fond farewell.

"I took a lady to the theatre," relates one tourist, "and my tipping bill was something like this—eleven tips in all, I believe. I tipped the boy who sprang to open the cab door, tipped cabby, tipped the head usher, gave two tips in the dressing rooms, tipped the girl usher who brought a footstool for the lady, tipped the boy who handed us programmes, tipped the waiter in the cafe after the theater and the boy who took our wraps, twice tipped the cabby who brought us home—once at the lady's hotel, and once at my own. All told, my tips exactly doubled the total cost of cab hire, theater tickets and supper.

"At another hotel, where I had been a guest two weeks, I asked for my bill on my departure. The cashier smilingly informed me that it would be ready in half an hour, at the end of which time it was presented by a chap in livery, who handed me the

document with a cordial 'And how do you do this morning?'

"I looked the fellow over, whom I had never laid eyes on before, and said, 'Who the deuce are you?'

" 'I have charge of your floor, sir,' he replied expectantly and suavely.

"I grasped his outstretched hand and shook it heartily. 'I'm delighted to meet you, sir,' I said; 'I've been in this hotel two weeks and this is the first time I've seen you.' That was all he got out of me."

At a little Italian town on Lake Como where we staid over Sunday, I happened to find on the register of the hotel the names of some acquaintances and asked the concierge if they were still guests of the house.

"No'm, they left yesterday," he replied, and added mournfully, "They said nothing—they left nothing," and I observed a cross opposite the names on the register, placed there I suppose as a warning and a reminder, in case those particular travelers ever again registered at that particular hotel, that no douceurs might be expected.

A lady in London told me that she had refused invitations to private English

country houses because she could not afford the expense involved in the tips expected by the servants. To such an extent has this nuisance grown that in some private houses where large house parties are entertained, the host posts notices begging his guests not to tip the servants, as it is a reflection on his hospitality. Nevertheless, the haughty English servant makes a visitor feel so uncomfortable unless the expected tip is forthcoming for the slightest service, that the guest does not feel at liberty to ignore it, and the tips usually involve pounds, instead of shillings and sixpences, in these houses, too, the butler and coachman regarding anything less than a sovereign beneath their notice.

A table steward on one of the big ocean liners did not hesitate to inform a clergyman who tendered him a tip of five dollars for himself, wife and young son on a short voyage, that they were accustomed to receive more than that, and his air of hauteur was chilling enough to freeze the marrow in your bones. The deck steward on this same ship confided to a passenger that he usually got \$175 in tips on a passage. Since this particular ship makes two trips per month,

this steward receives a fairly decent salary of \$350 per month in tips alone. It is said that in the large European hotels the concierge pays the proprietor a handsome sum for the privilege of his position, receiving no salary whatever from the management, and depending solely on his tips for his maintenance.

A guide for a certain tourist agency told me that he had purchased a country home for himself, and was in sufficiently affluent circumstances to retire if he chose, and yet his salary was but £2 10s a week, and he had never received more than that, and usually less, and had a family consisting of a wife and three children to support. "Just fawncy" acquiring independence and affluence on a salary of \$12.50 per week! Yet this man had accomplished it, and in a surprisingly short time. Doubtless the tips were responsible for that country place.

However, be not discouraged, prospective traveler, for it is but justice to record that tips in foreign countries mean usually coins of small denominations. For a few centimes, amounting to three cents in United States money, willing porters will

carry your suitcase from train to omnibus; "boots" and the "lift" boy do not expect big tips, and carriage hire, as compared with American charges, is a mere bagatelle. In Rome our party of five secured an excellent guide for twelve francs per day, and a carriage cost us eighteen francs per day, which made our per capita expenditure but \$1.20 per day, including guide, carriage and tips. We were driven all about Rome, visiting its famous places, out the Appian Way to the Catacombs, and our guide was an intelligent, educated and refined young man who spoke English fluently—and five other languages. He knew his Rome perfectly and drilled us on dates, early and late Roman history, art and artists, like a professor of ancient and modern literature.

It was in Japan—and only Japan—that we experienced the curious sensation of having our tips refused. It was on a railway train going up to Nikko from Tokyo. Just before arrival, the railway official who had acted as conductor entered our compartment, whisk broom in hand, and proceeded to "polish us off" after the manner of the American porter. When the operation was over and we tendered a tip, what

was our amazement to see a look of dire distress on the face of the polite official who vigorously refused to accept the coins.

Foreign Food.

One of the penalties of the privilege of travel is the strange food you encounter, especially in the Orient. You will be cautioned by experienced globe trotters, before you leave, not to indulge in salads or any uncooked vegetables that grow above-ground in the Far East, as the methods of irrigation and soil cultivation over there are not strictly sanitary from the American viewpoint.

Although in practically every great Oriental city that we visited we found splendid hotels where the food was excellent, yet the foreigner must exercise certain precautions. In Nanking about the only palatable food offered us was the rice. You are always sure of rice in China—and well-cooked rice, too—for the Chinaman knows how to prepare his standard dish much better than the American chef. Every kernel of rice stands up for itself individually—fluffy and distinct as a kernel of popped corn. If you can eat curry, so much the better, for rice and curry is the national dish of China.

Then there are eggs! I never saw so many eggs as in Japan and China. At every river station where our steamer stopped on the Yangtze, quantities of eggs—in boxes, buckets, pails and bales—were brought on board. You will find chicken, or “poulet,”—which is the same thing—on practically every menu card from San Francisco to New York. Bamboo sprouts are Oriental delicacies, and “capon a la financiere” was a dish with a significant name offered on the menu card of a Yokohama hotel.

You will of necessity, acquire the tea-drinking habit in the Far East, because it is safer than cold water with its lurking possibility of germs. If you are a coffee connoisseur, then prepare to abolish the coffee-drinking habit from the time you touch Oriental soil till you land in Switzerland, Germany or France. It's astonishing how quickly one can break away from a life-long habit under certain circumstances. Hitherto, I had been dependent on my cup of coffee for breakfast as a morning appetizer, but after struggling in vain to swallow the sloppy mess offered under that name in foreign countries, I abandoned the attempt and for three months never tasted my accustomed

morning beverage, substituting tea or cocoa. Whereas I had thought it a sure forerunner of headache to be deprived of my favorite drink at home, I found that no disagreeable results followed my abstemiousness abroad. All of which furnishes an excellent argument for the advocates of temperance from all stimulants.

In Cairo you will find butter and cheese, "fromage et beurre" as it appears on the menu card, relegated to dessert, and be not alarmed, neither seek too literal a translation, if you see "Poulet grille a la Diable," in the list of eatables with a French name placed before you.

In Europe you get the "Continental breakfast"—which means coffee or cocoa, rolls and fruit—nothing more—unless you pay extra for it, but you may always order eggs, omelettes or other dishes if desired, aside from that offered as the regular breakfast. If you are fond of unsalted butter, then the European article offered for your consumption will meet your approval—otherwise you may relieve its freshness with a dextrous flirt of the salt shaker. Dr. Burdette says that if one has mastered the continental breakfast and fresh butter he

will pass for a finished European traveler.

Milk chocolate is the great American food on the European continent. Every tourist has an ample supply in his pocket. I actually believe that tons of chocolate are consumed every year by American travelers. The annual production of a single Swiss manufacturer is 250,000,000 tablets. The chocolate shops, and there is one in every block of every city, village, hamlet or way station, do a tremendous business. I counted no less than twenty brands of chocolate at a single shop in a little Swiss village, and the proprietor told me that she sold pounds of it every day. The chocolate habit in Europe is more prevalent than the gum chewing crime in America. Pure milk chocolate is surely an ideal food for travelers. It requires no preparation, and one can comfortably subsist on it longer than upon any other food as easily and cheaply obtained. I met a couple traveling with their two-year-old son, and the mother told me that the child's sole subsistence was milk chocolate, and he thrived wonderfully on the diet. "I simply give him all he wants at regular intervals," she said, "and he never tires of it."

The little French patisseries or tea rooms with which Paris abounds are a constant temptation to your appetite, with the dainty cakes and pastries and cups of delicious chocolate or coffee. The automat is the European idea of the American cafeteria. I met it first in Munich and afterward in Nuremburg, and I was told that the automat is very popular all through Germany. The food is ranged on counters in glass-covered receptacles. If you want a sandwich, a piece of cake or pie, you slip a coin representing the price, which is posted above each dish, into the slot, and immediately that plate of sandwiches, pies or cake, begins to slowly revolve and your particular portion slides automatically through the opening onto the plate waiting to receive it. After you have secured what you desire in solid foods, you approach the "beverage fountain," put the price in the slot, and your cup under the faucet and the tea, coffee or cocoa—which-ever faucet you choose—begins to flow. As the liquid nears the top of your cup you fairly hold your breath for fear it will overflow, but no, it always stops automatically just half an inch from the brim of the cup.

It is very interesting to watch the automat work.

You will be genuinely convinced that you have never tasted real weiners until you have patronized the famous Bratwurst Glocklein in Nuremberg. It is today precisely as it was a century or more ago—a little “lean-to” against the side of a famous church. Not more than twenty-five or thirty people can crowd around the three tables within the little building, in one end of which is the huge range where, on the bed of glowing coals, you can see the weiners cooked to order. Notwithstanding the cramped quarters, it often happens that a thousand people dine here in a day. In pleasant weather tables are spread outside the building for the accommodation of the overflow.

“What else can you give us?” I heard a Boston man inquire as he drained his third glass of German beer and devoured the last crumb of his hot sausages. “Nothing but wurst and kraut, eh?”

“Yes, sir, we can give you some more kraut and wurst,” replied the waiter, and the order was promptly duplicated by the hungry Bostonian.

In Grindelwald, we were entertained at a delightful old Swiss chalet half a century old, and drank our cocoa, and ate honey fresh from the hives in the garden below, from a breakfast table spread on the upper balcony of the chalet, overlooking the valley of the Jungfrau.

We reached Lucerne on the Fourth of July and the dinner card at our hotel announced for dessert, "gateau de Taft." The dining room was filled with American guests and when this "piece de resistance" appeared a shout of applause went up. The Presidential cake was decorated with an imitation of a log cabin, very successfully done in candy logs, and topped by a tiny American flag, all of which accentuated the fact that the common idea of Europeans is that our presidents must of necessity be born in log cabins.

Types of Travelers.

After all, though you travel the wide world over, there is no more interesting study than human nature itself — the same old human nature that prevails everywhere among the sons and daughters of Adam, be they black or white, English, Japanese, Chinese, German, French or any other nationality. You meet people who show such an utter lack of appreciation that you wonder why they travel. In the great art galleries of Europe you hear expressions showing such hopeless ignorance that your rapture over the world's masterpieces is momentarily eclipsed by the absurdity and ludicrousness of the comments.

"Just look at them Cupids!" exclaimed a woman as she pointed at the exquisite cherubs chiseled from marble in St. Peter's at Rome.

"That there statue has lost its head," observed another art critic leveling a finger at the "Winged Victory."

"Yes, an' here's another got its arms broke off," responded her companion as she

paused beside the Venus de Milo. "They must have awful careless janitors over here."

"This is a copy of 'The Holy Family,' " explained the guide, as he halted before a masterpiece.

"He says that's a picture of 'The Whole Family,' " murmured a man to his companion. "Whose family does he mean, I won't guide fairly gasped and then recovered himself. 'Family' ever since we've been in Rome. I'm gong to ask him. Guide, what do you mean by 'The Whole Family'?" he called out. "Whose family is it anyhow?"

There was an awful pause in the group of tourists and Peggy actually giggled. The guide fairly gasped and then recovered himself sufficiently to explain, "Why, sir, the Holy Family—Joseph and Mary and the child Jesus."

After a minute the idea percolated through the gray matter of the tourist's brain and he remarked sotto voce to his companion, "Oh, I see! He says 'The Holy Family'—'H-o-l-l-y,' you know."

This was almost as bad as the man who asked why it was that the Madonna was always represented with a child in her arms.

We were listening with awe and delight to the wonderful musical door in one of the cathedrals. As the soft, aeolian tones made sweetest melody while the monk in charge solemnly swung the door back and forth and the guide was explaining to us the mysterious mechanism of the door, I overheard a tourist who had just come up, remark in annoyed tones:

“If I only had a can of oil, I could stop the squeaking of that confounded door. Why don’t they keep things up better over here, anyway?”

The throngs of copyists in the picture galleries of Rome and Florence and other European art centers are a study in themselves—old, bent, white-haired men, attractive or plain-featured young women, wild-bearded artists and pale-faced geniuses sit or stand before their easels copying the work of the great masters. In the Pitti gallery in Florence there seemed to be a perfect craze for copying on a single large canvas—not one picture but the complete salon, or as much of it as can be seen from a given point—a corner and the two walls leading from it, including the frescoed ceiling. In one of the salons where this view gave some of the

most famous paintings, I paused before the easel of a young man who was just putting the finishing touches to such a picture. It was a magnificent piece of work, the colors true, and the reproduction, which included a splendid piece of sculpture by a master hand, almost perfectly done. I admired the painting and asked the price. He was an Italian artist and spoke no English but summoned an American fellow worker who acted as interpreter and who said the price was 500 lire (\$100). He had been three months constantly at work on the canvas. At this rate his daily wage would amount to less than that of the humblest day laborer with pick and shovel in America.

It was a Chicago man who, when told that six centuries were consumed in the building of the great cathedral at Cologne, exclaimed, "Is it possible? We could build it in Chicago in six months."

"There's only a few pictures that daughter and I care to see, anyhow," said a Missouri woman in the Pitti gallery. "I've come to the conclusion that most of the art galleries in Yurup are alike. You've seen one and you've seen 'em all. The only difference is that some of 'em have the Old

Masters' paintings in 'em and others have just copies and the first are the best. I want to see Titian's 'Baby Stuart' here. That's what I come to this gallery for. Daughter and I both paint—I in oils and she in pastel—and the walls of our home in Missouri are just covered with our pictures, and I must say I'd give more for 'em than for all there is here"—with a sweeping gesture that included Raphael's "Madonna," Andrea del Sarto's "Saint John the Baptist" and about a dozen other masterpieces, before which artists of all the ages since have knelt in wonder and admiration.

Americans cannot fail to be impressed with the air of leisurely dignity which is characteristic of the natives of the Far East which makes our American scramble seem most undignified, unbecoming, and even rude. This unseemly haste pervades our very speech. When in Germany we had reached a town where quite unexpectedly we were required to change cars, and I sought some one who understood English in order to get the necessary information. I was directed to a young man who was said to speak English, and I approached him and fluently made my wants and wishes known,

speaking at a rather rapid rate. He regarded me curiously, listened attentively to my flow of eloquence, while gradually a puzzled expression stole over his features, and finally he said in his slow, German way:

“Pardon me, Madame, but could you speak English? I do not understand your language.”

It was too rapid to be recognized.

A young German girl who was slowly acquiring the English language listened with awe and admiration to the gay conversation of a party of young Americans, one of whom remarked concerning her companion, “Oh, she’s not the only pebble on the beach.”

The German girl pondered over this phrase—for the American slang caught her admiration and this was quite the latest she had heard of this strange and fascinating dialect. Then she announced to her startled mother:

“I’ve got it—this delightful American slang. Here’s the latest: ‘She’s not the only peoples on the bench’,” and the two shrieked with laughter and delight.

In Palestine I met an old lady more than seventy years of age who was traveling with

a personally conducted party, and she informed me in a burst of confidence that she had brought along an extra set of false teeth for fear she might break the ones she wore. On the other hand she had forgotten her watch.

One of the happiest, most cheerful people I saw in all my journey round was a paralyzed Englishman who couldn't walk a step and was carried down to the dining saloon for each meal by his valet and one of the stewards. He and his chum, an English earl, cracked jokes and dispensed fun all day long until their particular corner of the deck became famous for its good cheer and the hearty peals of laughter that continually emanated from it.

Then there was the Grumbler—a man worth a million, but so stingy that he was in a constant state of perturbation lest he be fleeced. He antagonized every hotel keeper from Shanghai to London from the minute he entered the hostelry and began to jew down the rates; he called everything “graft” from the tiny tip he grudgingly gave his steward to the hard-earned yen he grumblingly paid his guide, and the few sen he doled out to his 'riksha man who had

toted him all over Tokyo for hours. He bantered and dickered for everything and was an object of ridicule and contempt the world around on account of his parsimony.

In London I met a tourist from Detroit who gravely assured me that he was not attempting to do anything in the way of sightseeing in this greatest city on earth except by way of the underground railways. I gazed at him in amazement and inquired if he were particularly interested in subway construction and was on a tour of investigation, or if he had visited London so often that he was perfectly familiar with it.

"No—neither," he replied soberly. "This is my first visit to London and I am merely on a sightseeing trip, but it's so big and sort of confusing that I've decided to leave the surface till next time and do the underground thoroughly—going from the bottom up, as it were," and he proceeded to show me a map of the tube railways of the city. "You see, I have become quite expert in finding my way about in these subways," he confided with an air of modest pride as he pointed out the stations and different lines of underground roads. "It is far less nerve-racking than to keep above ground," he

went on. "Oh, yes, I occasionally come up to the surface at some interesting point. I visited Westminster Abbey yesterday. I simply went underground at Russell Square you see, changed cars twice in the subway and emerged at the Parliament Building right opposite the Abbey; escaped the confusion of these left-handed omnibuses, motors and trams, and arrived at my destination quite simply as it were. Another advantage in underground travel," he continued, "is that you escape the annoyance of rain. Now we had a sudden shower yesterday, and many pedestrians on the surface were caught unawares without umbrellas. I was underground, safe and snug, and knew nothing of the storm till I came to the surface and found the streets soaking."

Homeward Bound.

Homeward bound at last, after months of travel in foreign lands, and as your ship slips her anchor and swings away from the wharf, heading out to sea toward "the home of the brave and the land of the free," your heart sings in rapture. Glad to come home? Why, half the joy of this journey round the world is in the getting home again. You observe that practically all the passengers are in a state of mental review of their foreign experiences. It's the first opportunity they've had to sit quietly down and sum up the trip. Whereas all conversation on your outward-bound trip was in the future tense, now it is in the past. Notes are compared, and everyone has time to mentally digest and assimilate the incidents of travel.

About the fourth day out from Liverpool, the peaceful mental meditations of passengers are somewhat disturbed and brought abruptly to a focus by the sudden realization that there is yet another strange experience to be reckoned with. You find in your cabin, in a conspicuous place, a

declaration blank on which you are requested to file a list of your purchases abroad. A quiver of suppressed excitement runs like an electric thrill among the passengers, especially the female contingent. Cabin doors that had hitherto swung open in frank and unconcealed candor, suddenly become exclusively closed. There are whispered conferences among women, mysterious nods and interrogative queries. After a little you observe that all the desks in the writing room are appropriated and long lists of goods and chattels acquired abroad are being checked up by anxious-faced women.

The declaration is a straight up-and-down document. Uncle Sam asks you to definitely declare what goods you have acquired abroad, whether by purchase or gift, whether in your baggage, on your person, used or unused, and you are warned that you will be required to swear before a notary on your arrival that you have made an honest and truthful declaration, and you are further admonished in a foot-note that, in case you are detected in untruthful statements, you will be liable to arrest and imprisonment. In short, you are reduced to the extremity of telling the exact truth,

"the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," or its opposite, and thereby branding yourself as a liar and laying up a heap of trouble.

The girl who had planned to land in New York wearing two Paris silk petticoats, a new London suit, a pair of long white kid gloves, a sweeping ostrich plume pinned on her United States hat, a Florentine mosaic bracelet on her arm, a string of Roman pearls with a Jerusalem mother-of-pearl pendant and a dog-collar of Naples corals around her neck, suddenly abandoned the idea. "What's the use?" she said, "if I've got to declare everything I have on I might as well pack 'em."

Wise lady! I warn you, don't try to cheat Uncle Sam. If you do there's trouble ahead. Pack all your foreign purchases as far as possible in the tray of your trunk. On the declaration blank, do not attempt to make out an itemized list of every article, but sum up under a heading "Personal Effects" the amount you have expended for such things as wearing apparel. Under "Souvenirs" place the amount represented by these purchases; under "Books and Pictures" that spent for these, etc. It is well, however, to

make out on a separate slip for your personal use, and to submit to the customs officer if requested, an itemized list, together with the price you paid for each article. You are entitled to one hundred dollars' worth, duty free. After you have filled in your declaration blank, return it to the steward who will tear off the coupon with corresponding number and return to you. When you land, present the coupon at the inspector's window, who will, by comparing the number, find your declaration blank which has been turned over to him by the ship's purser, and you will take oath that the signature is yours. He will detail an officer to examine your baggage and he will accompany you to the place where your effects have been placed. If you've been perfectly frank and honest in your declaration, you have nothing to fear and will find the officer courteous and obliging—at least, I did.

It was just at the close of a perfect autumn day that our good ship *Arabic* passed into New York harbor, her decks crowded with eager faces scanning the familiar shores, the sky-scrapers looming up in the distance like huge honeycombs set on

end. As our ship passed the Statue of Liberty, burnished with the last rays of the setting sun, there broke from the lips of the passengers that glorious song of life and liberty, "The Star Spangled Banner," and tears sprang to happy eyes which looked for the first time in many months upon their native land.

Japan has her pretty, pink-cheeked maidens, Hongkong her lovely flowers, Singapore her luxuriant growth of tropic trees and vegetation, Egypt her fertile fields of the Nile, Palestine her orange and olive groves, Italy her sunny skies and smiling vineyards, Switzerland her lofty mountain peaks, Germany her castled Rhine, Paris her wide boulevards and fascinating shops, England her enchanting reaches of country side—but mine own, my native land, thou hast them all—and more.

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